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GEMINI, "The Twins," is the third sign of the zodiac. The ancients always saw this constellation as a twin, the Egyptians as two kids, the Arabs as two peacocks, and the Greeks as the twin brothers, Castor and Pollux, leading their stellar legions to triumph. Our common slang term "by jiminy" stems from an old Roman oath calling on Gemini.

(See Next Page)

Zodiac Girls

by

Willy Pogany

Gemini

Lived Like a Phantom for 60 Years

WHEN the Dowager Lady Annaly—England's most famous mystery woman—died the other day, the word quickly went the rounds of her sprawling, ancient castle in Northamptonshire. Scores of curious servants—from the lowest pantry boy to the veteran head housekeeper—swiftly made their way to the private apartment of their mistress to gaze in awe at the wrinkled face of the woman, who, in life, they had never seen.

Many a topflight British socialite would have given a pretty penny for the privilege of joining the servants crowding around the deathbed—to look at last upon the "Phantom Lady" who for 60 years entertained England's great and near-great without once meeting them face to face.

Lady Annaly passed away at 82 but went into her strange seclusion in 1884. So completely did she hide away in a small suite of rooms in Castle Holdenby that even her servants, many of whom had been in her employ for over a quarter of a century, had never seen her—except for this last and fleeting glimpse.

Although Many of the Servants at Holdenby Castle Had Worked There for Many Years, They Got Their First Glimpse of Their Mistress' Face on the Day She Died.

The only people she saw after her self-imposed isolation were her husband, Lord Annaly—he died in 1922—her children and a devoted personal maid-companion.

What made Lady Annaly a recluse no one knows. She went into retirement right after the birth of her son, the present Lord Annaly, and it has been reported that some queer quirk of nature, incident to the birth, made her dread meeting any strangers.

The blinds of her rooms were drawn in the daytime. At night, the year round, no matter what the weather, she would steal out heavily veiled for a stroll around her vast estate. In these solitary nocturnal walks, she was always followed at a respectful distance by two gamekeepers as protectors.

Despite the fact that she never used their services, Lady Annaly maintained a staff of servants. Four motor cars with liveried chauffeurs stood at her beck and call but they never carried her anywhere. A palatial town house in London was kept up but not once did she visit it.

Although unseen, she became one of England's most famous hostesses. Parties, dinners and balls were frequently given at Castle Holdenby, but at no time did she greet her guests.

Even when members of the British royal family, including the late King George V, Queen Mary and the Duke of Windsor, made their periodic visits she sent her regrets. Their Majesties understood her timidity and were most sympathetic about this strange affliction.

Her Ladyship was always represented by proxy at any important event that legally required her presence. She often received invitations to attend royal functions but never put in an appearance. At her own parties and dinners, a place was always set for her at the head of the table—but not once did she occupy it in all the 60 years of her self-imposed exile.

Lady Annaly's only preoccupation was said to be the ghost of King Charles I, who was held a prisoner at Holdenby Castle before his execution in 1649. She read every book about the unfortunate monarch, and among the servants it was said that Her Ladyship firmly believed his spirit haunted the castle and that she was in close communion with the royal ghost.

Such strange behavior might have been the cause of considerable eyebrow raising and gossip in and around the secluded hamlet in which the castle stands, and in many a London drawing room, but it was not. This was due to the munificent generosity of Lady Annaly in all matters affecting the villagers' welfare. They respected her privacy in every way and if one of them accidentally came across her during one of her midnight rambles, they would considerately take cover until she had passed.

The Good People of Woburn, England, Can't Figure Out What Queer Game the Stork Is Playing With Them—But They Just Can't Seem to Produce Any Girl Babies.

Only Boy Babies in this Town

EVERY now and then the stork waxes whimsical with the vital statistics of a community and delivers an unusual number of new babies, sometimes of one sex, sometimes of the other. But the old bird has gone all-out in its unorthodox dealing with the little English village of Woburn.

Since the fall of 1942 every baby born to the wives of this place has been a boy. Not a single member of the gentler sex was in the lot. As a matter of fact only two girl babies have arrived since September 1941.

All Britain has been chuckling over the plight of Woburn and facetiously calling the Bedfordshire village "boys' town." But to the prospective mothers of the community it is no joke. Many of them, anxious to have girls, and nearing their time of confinement, have left Woburn to bear their babies elsewhere—but the records show that all gave birth to boys.

There is a theory, never clearly proven, that more boy babies than girls are born in time of war. Maybe this accounts for the plight of Woburn. The doctors of the local district, baffled by the situation, frankly admit they do not know how to explain the phenomenon.

What Gemini Means to You

By VINCENT LOPEZ
Famous Orchestra Leader.

GEMINI (The Twins) is your astrological sign if you were born from May 21 to June 20.

You look at life from an idealistic standpoint.

Sympathy for others in misfortune comes readily from you but you sometimes betray a wavering of purpose. Vitality is your keyword.

It is your nature to act on impulse. You are warm-hearted and kind and devoted to your home and children. A disagreeable environment gets on your nerves.

You are apt to fall a victim to a blind belief in the kindness of others.

You have high ideals and like to cultivate your taste for art, music and science.

You are fond of entertaining and of being entertained. You dislike inaction.

Cheerfulness and enthusiasm are qualities which make you an asset to any party and you can always be depended on in an emergency.

You are a good student and naturally clever.

However, you should guard against a tendency to restlessness and discontent in what you are doing. You should put a brake on a habit of starting things without figuring on how they may turn out.

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE MIGHTY JEEP

Around the global clock . . . on fighting fronts everywhere . . . the Jeep is doing the spectacular job for which it is world famous.

The engine, from which this amazing motorized unit derives its power, speed, flexibility, dependability and fuel economy, is the Jeep engine, designed, created and perfected exclusively by Willys-Overland Motors, Inc. In the U. S. A. and in every Allied Nation that the Willys scout car has served . . . soldiers and civilians are anticipating the day after the war . . . when Jeep cars and Jeep trucks will be available.

WILLYS *Builds the Mighty* JEEP

The power and stamina of the versatile Jeep will serve many needs in the years of reconstruction ahead

Surprisingly, Women Like to Sleep on Their Stomachs, the Survey Found, Others in the Raw, But 16 Percent of the Latter Just Don't Dare.

What Kind of a House in Peacetime?

Well, If You Have Any Ideas, the Bewildered Architects Will Welcome 'Em After What the Pierce Foundation's Survey Found Out About Our Living, Sleeping and Dressing Habits

Your Postwar Bed, Either Twin Or Double, Complete With Radio, Telephone, Serving Pantry, Book Shelves and Automatic "Yes-ers" and "No-ers" in Case Your Partner Enjoys Bedtime Chats.

IF your wife puts on her brassiere in the kitchen—

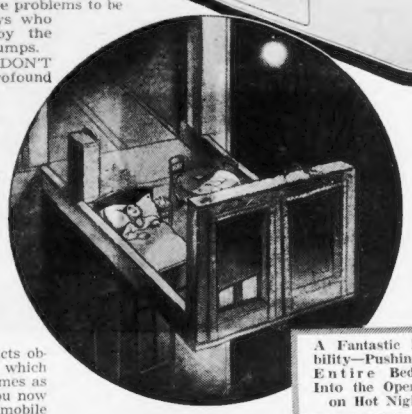
If your husband wants to sleep with his head at the foot of the bed—

Don't call a psychiatrist.

Call an architect!

It's the home, not the head, that needs examination under these circumstances. These are problems to be answered by the boys who build houses, not by the lads who read the lumps.

That, anyway (and DON'T argue!) is the profound intellectual conclusion of the erudite John B. Pierce Foundation of New York City, whose high purpose is painstaking research to help architects to build better if not bigger homes for Vox Pop, The Common Man, John Q. Public and all his tribe.



A Fantastic Possibility—Pushing the Entire Bedroom Into the Open Air on Hot Nights.

The Foundation has recently issued a 216-page slick paper pamphlet vibrant with solemn facts obtained in a research which will "make future homes as remote from what you now live in as the automobile from the horse and buggy."

American industrialists, who have done so much prating about the beauties and wonders of the postwar home, may think it is predicated on soy beans and prefabrication.

But the John B. Pierce Foundation is certain that it will be a beauteous and a wondrous contraption based, in part, on a mass of vital statistics proving that:

(1) After hitting the hay, 22 percent of the husbands queried (in an income group ranging from $2,000 to $4,500) read, read, read; seven percent listen to the radio; three percent say their prayers; 12 percent make light conversation; two percent eat (but not crackers, let us hope); two percent smoke; two percent close a window, and 50 percent just go to sleep.

(2) Wives, after hitting the sack, read to the tune of 29 percent; while 11 percent talk; eight percent listen to Jack Benny or a reasonable facsimile thereof; five percent say their prayers; three percent meditate as opposed to no percent of husbands, who do not think in bed (apparently); three percent smoke; one percent eat, and 40 percent simply put their mind on knitting up the ravelled sleeve of care.

It is little things like this that will revolutionize the house of the future, in the opinion of the Foundation. Just how, it is not prepared to say—nor are the architects who are pondering the problem of the lady who lives in a modern apartment complete with bath and bedrooms, and yet puts on her brassiere and sometimes her stockings and occasionally her step-ins—in the kitchen.

It isn't as if she were living in an unheated Dakota farm house in winter months. She doesn't have to dress in the kitchen to keep warm. It's just one of the whims of a certain percentage of women that they are peripatetic dressers, and the problem is distinctly architectural.

If, chum, you are baffled—as are others—over the type of house to build for a femme who puts on her brassiere in the kitchen, what would you suggest as an aid for the inhibited woman who would like to sleep raw, but just doesn't?

The alert researchers from the Foundation discovered that 16 percent of the women questioned would like to sleep on the half shell, but don't—"clear evidence of an inhibition" that an architect and a blueprint might solve.

Among other vital statistics dredged up by the Foundation, which will doubtless give the architect of the postwar house a solid basis for future work, are:

Eighty-seven percent of husbands and wives interrogated, sleep together in double beds.

This should be a comfort to Judge Frank E. Donoghue, of Chicago, and his followers. In a recent court decision, Hizzoner staunchly defended the old-fashioned double bed as a stabilizing factor in marriage and as guarantor of marital felicity.

The disintegration of the family and the home, the Judge said, could be traced to "the unholy system of twin beds," which, he declared, worked a mighty revolution in the happy marital relationship.

Judge Donoghue declared it a "happy and affectionate custom for parents to sleep together," and even traced the current upsurge in juvenile delinquency in some measure, to the damnable twin bed.

If the judge reads only that statistic dealing with the 87 percent who sleep double, he will be a happy, happy man. But the judge should take off his bifocals and stop reading at this point. For five percent of the wives involved regard the double bed with a jaundiced eye; indeed, with jaundice in both eyes. These restless ladies would readily settle for a twin bed any night.

And, alas for the judge, 47 percent of the wives believe that "twin beds would be the ideal sleeping arrangement" if they could only argue their old men into twin beds.

For what it is worth to architects, the Foundation primly notes that, "When analysis of the data is made according to age, it is found that there is a slight tendency for those over 40 years of age to use twin beds to a greater extent than the younger groups—"

Then, too, the suggestion has been made that the postwar bed include a radio, telephone, serving pantry, book shelves, and automatic "yes-ers" and "no-ers" in case your partner enjoys bedtime chats. A fantastic proposal was that beds be so built that they might be run out the window on hot nights.

Among the miscellaneous data on which the House of the Future may be based, are

(1) Housewives want bigger kitchens and bathrooms.

(2) They yearn for bigger bathroom wash basins, at a height more in keeping with the human skeleton than the plumber will admit.

(3) They do NOT want a combined living room and kitchen, even if they like to dress all over the joint.

(4) Persons with bath mats in their shower baths slip more often than persons without! (Just perverse, obviously.)

(5) Women like to sleep on their stomachs.

(6) Gents do not like to share clothes closets with the wives of their respective bosoms.

"The Foundation's report is rife with hundreds of similar facts. It's now up to the architects. What they cant make of the whole thing is baffling, except for the patent fact that with brassieres in the kitchen, surely even the architect moderne will not deny that it takes a heap of living to make a house a home.

Many Women Want Space Enough to Dress in the Kitchen, So Designers Have Planned This Spacious Streamlined Unit.

Problem of the Princess and Uncertain Senor Sert

Muralist Sert, Monopolist of the Mdivani Jewels.

Sert, Annoyed by a Critic's Apathy, Doused Him With Beer; Then, in Self-Reproach, Emptied Some on His Own Pate.

By CHARLES ROBBINS

NINA Mdivani Conan Doyle, wife of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's son, Dennis, has opened up a second front in her global legal war with Jose Maria Sert, the world-famous Spanish painter.

She has invaded Spain in order to come to grips with the enemy on his own home ground.

At issue are not the Four Freedoms, but some roaming rubies—described in a recent American Weekly article—and other personal effects of her late sister, Roussadana, Sert's second wife, who died in 1938.

Nina and her brother, David, last survivors of the Mdivani clan, alleged the articles were theirs.

They say that before the untimely deaths of Roussadana and two of her brothers (Barbara Hutton's husband, Alexis, and Pola Negri's Serge) all five members of the family solemnly contracted that all of his or her personal property should go to the others.

Sert, they assert, has violated this contract by presenting erstwhile friends of Roussy with some of her necklaces, bracelets, furs and so on. Perhaps due to uncertainty on his part as to how firmly he was bound by the Mdivani compact.

A Sert Mural in Rockefeller Center and (Right) Another at the Waldorf-Astoria, Viewed by the Artist and His Second Wife, Princess Roussadana Mdivani, Whose Jewels Started the Family Spat.

After a preliminary legal skirmish in Paris before the war, Nina and David brought suit in New York, where banks hold close to half a million dollars, which Roussy couldn't take with her and most of which seems to have been given to her by Barbara Hutton Grant.

When the U. S. Alien Property Custodian paralyzed this suit, by impounding the assets until the war's end, the only remaining alternative was to tackle Sert directly, in Spain.

Roussy is not known to have left property there, so Nina may have to depend on her powers of persuasion.

Chief obstacle in her path probably will be the painter's current wife, Missia. Another may be the fact that uncertain Senor Sert's decisions are not always predictable.

Missia was his first wife. Sert discarded her for Roussy; then, after the latter's death, remarried her.

Grand-niece of composer Franz Liszt, Missia comes of artistic stock. And she is endowed with an appreciation of dollars and cents.

When a woman once asked advice on a theatrical career, Missia replied:

"You should marry a good man and help him in his career. When I married Jo-Jo (Sert) he was getting 30,000 francs for a mural. At the time of our divorce he was getting a million. And that," she concluded, "is what I call having earned MY living."

Thanks to his wife's skilful management and his own native ability, Jo-Jo is considered the richest artist in the world. While painting in this country, the minimum price for one of his huge murals was $250,000.

Samples of his exuberant work are on view in the Waldorf-Astoria's Sert Room, in Rockefeller Center and in such lavish private residences as those of Mrs. Hugh Dillman, in Palm Beach; Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, in Philadelphia; and Mrs. Harrison Williams, in New York.

So there is no question but that he has the wherewithal to meet Nina's demands. The problem will be to catch him in just the right mood.

Once in Paris, for example, a party of friends left him alone for a few minutes at a cafe table with Harold Stearns, the critic, to whom he had just been introduced.

When the party returned, Sert was staring into space, Stearns stolidly reading a paper, with his hat, face and coat all dripping wet.

"Your friend," explained the painter, "is impolite. I started to make conversation with him, but he ignored me. So I poured my carafe of beer over his head."

Somebody ventured the opinion that Sert himself had been rather impolite, whereupon, in remorse, he poured another carafe of beer on his own head.

It was back in 1928 that he and Missia were divorced. After the decree was granted, Sert, his ex and his 19-year-old intended bride went around everywhere together.

They had met in New York, while occupying adjoining hotel suites. Monkeys had led to their acquaintance and formed their chief bond in common; Roussy had one, and Missia had a whole parcel of them.

Sert, who is no Adonis, is amused by his own lack of physical charm, and at his suggestion, the lovely Princess Marthe Bibesco and he once attended a Parisian costume-party as "Beauty and the Beast."

No reflection of his personal shortcomings is, however, to be found in his paintings. Brilliantly colored and executed with sweeping grace, these have earned him not only a fortune but great critical acclaim.

A search of the records reveals only two slight episodes and a single remark which might be construed as discordant notes in the chorus of praise.

Referring to Sert's love for depicting clouds, billowing curtains, sails and skirts, Sem, the famous French caricaturist, opined that the painter probably had to deflate his canvases in order to get them out of the studio.

The episodes were the slashing of the murals in the Waldorf-Astoria's Sert Room and the exodus of servants from Mrs. Dillman's Palm Beach home. They just said they couldn't stand Sert's pictures any more.

Nina Mdivani Conan Doyle Wants Her Dead Sister's Gems.

LEGIONS OF LARCENY

The Two Sailors Recoiled in Astonishment When Photos of Their Ever-Lovin' Brides Revealed a Startling Resemblance That, It Turned Out, Was Not Coincidental. The Same Girl Had "Married" Them, and Four Others, for Their Dependency Allowances and, They Were to Learn Later, Was Even Then Considering a Seventh Mate.

By MICKEY MacDOUGALL

No. 2—Allotment Brides

IT IS axiomatic that a sailor has a sweetheart in every port, but Elvira Tayloe put reverse English on the idea. She had a sailor in every porthole. Well, maybe not that many, but Elvira did manage to accumulate an even half-dozen seagoing husbands in less than a year. And she collected dependency allotments on all six.

Generous Uncle Samuel allows the wife of a service man $28 a month, and the husband is forced to kick in with an additional $22. So Elvira, slim, sleek and 17, was getting $50 a month, per mate—$300 in all. And that ain't hay.

Elvira's technique was perfect. She worked as a dime-a-dance girl at one of Norfolk's hot spots; hence met plenty of lonely service men. The blond temptress preferred the Navy (she said soldiers propositioned; never proposed). Anyhow, whatever the reason, she succeeded in wedding six sailors the day before each left for the South Pacific. She was hard at work on her seventh when her marrying career was brought to a sudden end by the kind of coincidence which should happen only in a movie.

Two of her lovin' spouses met in Australia, compared photographs, and decided they'd been gypped. A complaint to the legal advisory bureau of the Navy Department saved the sailors $22 a month each and put Elvira in jail. She was convicted, not of defrauding the government, but of bigamy.

Two similar cases of multiple marriages have developed, but in only one was a money allotment involved. In Montreal, Irene Hornby, convicted of bigamy recently for having married four men, was sentenced to four years in prison. At least three other marriages are attributed to her. She was not accused of money affairs.

In Phoenix, Ariz., Vivian Eggers, 34, was sentenced to 18 months for accepting a soldier's allotment while not the man's legal wife. She was arrested in Ohio where authorities quoted her as saying she had married seven service men, none of whom she had divorced.

Officials of the American Bar Association declare tens of thousands of service men are bled for tremendous sums for dependency allotments by undeserving wives. The government is cheated of an even greater amount. Naturally the War and Navy Departments are doing all they can to put a stop to the racket. Hastily-married, or long-estranged, wives are investigated thoroughly before a dependency allotment is granted.

Which doesn't mean that soldiers and sailors are safe from swindles based on sex. In New York City alone, a horde of twentieth century vampires subsists entirely on what they can chisel from service men.

Many of these "Victory Girls" are out for what money they can take from service men, but others aim for higher stakes. Moth-eaten deceptions have been brought up-to-date and are practiced on the military personnel constantly.

Some of the third-rate hotels in the Times Square area co-operate with these sharp-shooting damsels. Fifteen minutes after a couple, sans baggage, has checked in, there is a knock on the door. A beefy individual, with all the earmarks of a typical cop, crowds into the room.

"I'm from Headquarters," he announces ominously, flashing a shiny badge just long enough for the beholder to make out the one word, "Police." The intruder ignores the soldier; speaks to the woman:

"We've got orders to pick up all the girls working this district. So you're coming with me."

To the man, the pseudo detective adds:

"You get going. If you weren't in the Army, I'd run you in, too."

The girl bursts into tears. "Don't leave me," she pleads, throwing her arms around the soldier. "Don't run out on me like that. Please help me."

True to the Army, Vivian Eggers, Cincinnati FBI Agents Said, Married Seven Soldiers Without Bothering to Divorce Any of Them.

THE bewildered victim is anxious to get away as soon as possible. Yet he doesn't want to appear like a rat deserting a sinking ship.

"I want to help you," he says. "But what can I do?"

Then the trap is sprung.

"All these dicks take graft," she whispers into his ear. "Ask him to step out in the corridor, and offer him some money."

The sucker, who has never heard of the badger

Mickey MacDougall, Famous "Card Detective," Exposes the War's Menacing Crop of Swindles and Gyps, and Tells How to Recognize and Avoid the Hordes of Crafty Chiselers Out to Clip Your Bankroll.

Furlough Men With Bulging Bankrolls and a Craving for Excitement Are Soft Touches for Girl "Steerers" of Floating Palaces of Chance.

game, often agrees. He buys off the fraudulent cop, and bids the girl a hasty good-by. Which is just what she wants, as she immediately sets out to snare another innocent. And the farce is played all over again, several times a night.

The great majority of the Broadway girls depend on others to help them clip their prey, but some of the smarter ones work alone. Such a one was Belle Dolan, whose short career was brought to a tragic end by sudden death.

Belle, a buxom miss from Pennsylvania, had just turned 15, though she appeared to be several years older. Her extreme youth enabled her to put over a unique bit of chicanery.

THIS lone wolfess would prowl the theatrical section until she met a sailor. First making certain her escort was carrying plenty of money, Belle would invite him to a nearby love nest.

After a suitable lapse of time, the girl swindler would separate the sailor from his bankroll in the most direct way imaginable. For no apparent reason, Belle would suddenly begin sobbing violently. The startled seaman would inquire the reason for the outburst of weeping.

"I've never done anything like this before," Belle would wail, between sobs. "I came to New York to get $100 so my mother could have an operation. If I keep on like this, I'll end up in jail. I'm too young to go to prison—I'm only 15."

At this point, Belle would produce her birth certificate and dramatically cry: "See!"

The victim would take one look at that fateful bit of paper and gulp. Then the crusher would descend.

"You'll have to marry me," Belle would whimper. "If you don't, I'm going to Police Headquarters and tell them what happened."

The sailor, aware of the penalty for impairing the morals of a minor, would try to dissuade Belle from doing anything so drastic. She would say she didn't have money to go back home, so she would go to the police.

Of course, you know the answer. The sucker would provide the cash, afraid to squawk.

For several months Belle played the part of a wronged girl every night, and always collected. But there came a time when the play had an ending that was not written into her script.

A red-haired seaman, swarthy of face, short of stature, with two hash-marks on his left sleeve, accompanied Belle home on the night the curtain was due to fall. When the sailor discovered he had been marked for a shearing, he wreaked his wrath in a terrible manner.

The authorities label the demise of Belle Dolan one of the most gruesome slayings in the annals of Gotham criminology. The killer has never been apprehended.

Of course, sex isn't the only weapon in the arsenal of these feminine sharpers. Service men on furlough are always ready for some lively diversion, so when a beautiful girl suggests that they visit a floating craps game the response is generally an eager assent.

The gambling houses are mostly in New Jersey, but getting to them is no problem at all. The would-be player walks to a spot near 39th Street and Eighth Ave. Every 15 minutes a limousine pulls up. Sportsmen crowd into the car, which then drives through the Lincoln Tunnel to the place where the game is held. When the gamester is finished playing, another limousine drives him back to New York. By then he is broke.

Are these games on the level? Let one of the victims tell it just as he related the sad tale to the police.

Technical Sergeant Vince Connelly, of Chicago, speaking:

"I meets this gorgeous beetle at a dance and right away she says she wants some excitement. Do I wanna play African Golf? I says, 'Sure,' so we hops over to Jersey.

"I'm hooked plenty before it's my turn to shoot. And the minute I gets me mitts on the dice I knows they're loaded. I thinks to myself: 'Two can play at that game.' So, when I sevens out, I starts making side bets against the dice.

"The house man then cracks: 'You can't do that here. We're banking the game. Get that?'

"I got sore. I says: 'Gimme the loaded dice you're using and I'll bank the game myself.' Well, one of the shills takes a pop at me, and I slug him back. Then some G.I.'s who were getting wised up joined in and we had a free-for-all.

"We was doing all right, too—until you cops broke it up."

The more publicity given these crooked games the less chance they have of bilking the service men. But sometimes the extra-smart hustler figures a way to turn publicity to his advantage.

DAILY NEWS PHOTO

Irene Hornby Set an All-Time High for Quick Turnover in Husbands With a Score of Eight Weddings.

SOME time ago many soldiers in Army camps were warned against a type of crooked dice which they were told were known as "tap dice." The story they heard was that a honeycomb arrangement on the inside of the dice contained a ball of mercury. When the cheater wished to throw a certain number he held that number uppermost and tapped the dice. In a few seconds the quicksilver would fall to the bottom, thereby causing the desired number to come up.

It was an interesting story, but it just wasn't true. In my opinion, there never was, and there never will be, a workable pair of tap dice. Why?

First: Suppose the dice were loaded for a six and the cheater wished to fix it so a five would come up. The mercury would have to travel at right angles—an obvious impossibility.

Second: If the cubes had been fixed to throw fives, they would continue throwing fives until the quicksilver had been tapped into another compartment. In a real dice game the player cannot stop after every throw, tap the dice, wait three seconds, and then play. Anybody trying such a ridiculous stunt would be shot.

TO THE gambling fraternity, "tap dice" are known as sucker bait. They are sold to would-be cheats by the same type of business houses which peddle pornographic literature.

However, some soldiers who heard about "tap dice" didn't know that they were not practicable. And a fly-by-night concern decided to cash in on the service men's ignorance.

Field men were engaged to visit many Army camps. They dropped pamphlets where they were certain to be found by soldiers. Inside is an advertisement for "tap dice"—$20 a pair.

The great majority of the soldiers who "find" the booklet toss it into the nearest wastebasket. But a few send away for the "tap dice," intending to swindle their buddies. Instead, they themselves are swindled.

Appropriately enough the trade mark of the company is the sign of the Triple Cross.

For a while another racket, posing as an Air Warden, was in vogue, especially along the coast where Civilian Defense workers were abundant.

An ex-convict joined the Air Warden Service, and before his fingerprints were checked, he succeeded in extracting money from his fellow wardens under various pretenses.

Another crook posed as an Air Warden and gained entrance to several homes in Westchester County, N. Y., robbing them and escaping after binding and gagging the victims.

Then there is the old "sympathy" racket that's being used on innocent victims who, like all of us, feel sorry when they hear a woman tell of her husband, father, brother or sweetheart having been killed in the war or tortured by the Japs.

This kind of a racket flourished while the country was stirred so deeply by the Jap treachery at Pearl Harbor. Mrs. Clara Gollobin, for instance, was riding in a New York subway when a middle-aged woman entered and sat next to her. She snuggled close to Mrs. Gollobin, telling her that she felt cold.

Soon she began to tell in a sobbing voice that her husband had been at Pearl Harbor and that she hadn't heard from him since the Japs attacked it. He might be dead for all she knew.

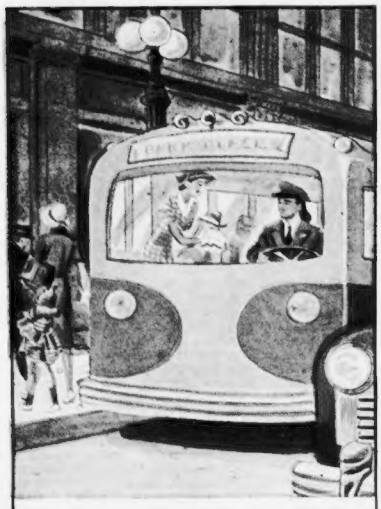
Mrs. Gollobin listened with great sympathy. But when she left the subway she missed her handbag with money and jewelry in it. This trick was often repeated with variations.

Next week Mr. MacDougall will tell how some rackets flourish, even inside the Army training camps.

Betty Wins a Bet

"THEY CAN COUNT ON ME," decides Betty as she reads U. S. Government appeal for more women war workers. Not necessarily in factory; government says transportation, communications, etc., are war jobs, too. Betty keeps house for Dad and helps at the U.S.O., but she knows she can handle a job as well.

DAD'S A LITTLE DOUBTFUL, "Sure I want you to be patriotic, and sure I know women are needed. But I'm working hard myself. I need a good nourishing meal when I get home at night." "And you'll get it!" says Betty. "Betcha anything, even a shoe coupon, that my meals are going to be as good as ever!"



BETTY THE BUS DRIVER . . . thrilled with her new job and mighty proud that she can release a man to fight. Betty has been driving a bus for a week now and there's no let-down in her housekeeping. She gives special thought to meat dishes because Dad says the meat makes the meal. And Dad is right!

ON HER WAY HOME, Betty stops to shop for dinner. Mrs. D., best cook in the neighborhood, advises her: "Since you're late tonight, I would suggest Swift's Premium Frankfurts, my dear. They're just as high in quality as before the war. And they're pre-cooked, you know, so they're ready in just five minutes."

THIS DINNER DOES IT. Juicy, tender Swift's Premium Frankfurts; creamed new potatoes; peas; spiced apple. Dad admits Betty can keep house and swing a war job, too. "Um—*um!*" he says, "These franks are wonderful! Let's have them again. And, by the way, here's my ration book with that shoe coupon."

MEAT

is materiel of War!

Swift's Premium Frankfurts

You get the nutritive values of both beef and pork in Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts—high quality proteins, B vitamins, minerals. Superb flavor . . . Swift's Premium are seasoned to perfection, smoked over hardwood fires. They're pre-cooked . . . you save time, waste, fuel.

Look for this label on every 4th link

Paris Rid of its Spot of Hell On Earth

Mme. Joseph Caillaux, Wife of the Former French Premier, Spent Months in St. Lazare for Slaying Gaston Calmette, the Editor.

Pretty Rogues and Ex-Socialites Alike Lived in Constant Terror of the Old Prison's Vast Army of Huge and Savage Rats.

Violette Nozieres, Idol of the Latin Quarter, Most Famous Resident of "Poison Row."

Filthy, Rat-Infested St. Lazare Prison, Once Abode of Mata Hari and Other Infamous Women Has at Last Vanished, But Its Black History Will Live for Centuries

By LOWELL MORRILL
Former Paris Correspondent

WORKMEN recently finished the job of tearing down the prison of St. Lazare, a dismal Paris fortress dating from the Middle Ages, and described by inmates as the "tomb of living skeletons."

A hundred years ago, this sewer of every sin was condemned as a disgrace, but the gallant authorities, instead of razing it, made the place a prison exclusively for women.

"St. Lazare is a definite landmark," they said. "It is full of history."

So it was, but the foul-smelling stonepile was also full of something else—an army of rats, so large and fierce that they gained scientific attention.

Whenever the Pasteur Institute, or some other research organization, needed an extra big or vigorous rat, it was customary to specify one from St. Lazare.

This savage horde of rodents patrolled the dormitories, scouting for food and often snatching it from the hands of frightened prisoners, many of whom were ladies of high rank.

One of them, Aimee de Coigny, Duchess de Fleury, pathetic figure of the Reign of Terror following the French Revolution, declared just before her execution:

"The guillotine holds no terror for me. Rats have eaten my food, my clothes and my mattress. At night, they nibble at my hands and feet, my face and hair. If their savage attacks continue, there may be nothing for the guillotine to behead."

From cell 12, reserved for prisoners of distinction, Mata Hari was led to be shot as a spy in 1917. She used to dance for hours every day to keep the rats away, but soon they became her most devoted audience, staring at her impudently from the corners of the cell.

When she could endure it no longer, she summoned her lawyer, the aged Maurice Bernard, and begged him to remain with her. Bernard did, and later sought to save her from death by claiming that he was the father of her unborn child.

Lady Edmee Owen, British aristocrat, landed in St. Lazare after shooting the wife of her boy friend, Paul Gastaud, a prominent Paris doctor. To keep herself from going insane in the black hole in which she was confined, she wrote her memoirs.

"I believe it would be a fine idea," she said, "if every woman of wealth and high social position were sent to jail for a long term. It would do her a lot of good—as it has done me."

St. Lazare Prison for Women, Paris Landmark and Tomb of Living Skeletons, Has Just Been Torn Down to Make Way for a Public Park (And Right)—Lady Edmee Owen, British Aristocrat, Who Was Confined There for Shooting Her Sweetheart's Wife.

Such women were sometimes accorded special privileges, if they could afford to bribe the wardens.

There was Madame Joseph Caillaux, wife of the former French premier, who spent months in St. Lazare for the slaying of Gaston Calmette, the editor, who had attacked her husband. Before her acquittal, her cellmates threatened mutiny in protest against favors showered on her.

Although Madame Caillaux lived there in some comfort, St. Lazare was no bed of roses. Most of the pretty rogues had no such luck, since the prison was the females' equivalent of Devil's Island.

Germaine Berton, who in 1926, put a bullet through the brain of Marius Plateau (by mistake, since she had intended it for his associate, Leon Daudet, the Royalist) pined away in St. Lazare. She refused to eat, drink or sleep, and kept the other inmates awake by her ear-splitting screams.

When she grew too weak to be disciplined at all, she was sent to a Paris hospital. Her condition was faked, however; on her first night in the hospital, she rifled the medicine chest, and swallowed enough strychnine to kill a regiment.

Though no trace of the prison remains today, it will be a long time before Parisians really forget the notorious Gabrielle Fenayron.

Gabrielle had the face of an angel and the morals of a rabbit. She fell in love with a clerk in her husband's drug store, and later confessed her infidelity to her jealous mate.

Gabrielle lured the love-sick youth to her home near Paris, where she pinioned his arms while her husband beat his brains out with a hammer. When Fenayron flung the youth's body into the Seine, Gabrielle calmly looked on with a beatific smile.

One of St. Lazare's dingiest corridors was called "Poison Row," after its inhabitants.

Perhaps the most notorious of these was Violette Nozieres, an 18-year-old idol of the Latin Quarter. She disposed of her father by poison, but her mother had greater resistance. She lived long enough to testify against her daughter and see her behind bars.

When the Germans occupied Paris, Violette watched them from her window, little knowing they had plans for her. She was sent to the concentration camp at Haugenau, Germany, where she became its most famous, and temperamental, inmate.

Violette's closest neighbor died a few days before the fall of Paris. She was Marie Bourette, who sent candy filled with arsenic to her faithless sweetheart.

The bonbons were consumed by the opera tenor, Godart, who, unfortunately, was visiting the object of the lady's revenge.

Work was begun on tearing down the building in 1933, but suffered several setbacks. Last year the job was tackled anew by order of General Stulpnagel, Nazi commandant of Paris, whose brother died at St. Lazare during World War I.

The Parisians made no protest.

Curious Old Drawing From One of the First Mother Goose Books.

Mother Goose Lived in Boston—Not in a Shoe

And to Keep Her 20 Children Quiet She Made Up Those Nonsense Ditties Which "Will Never Die While Nurses Sing Or Babies Cry"

The Real "Mother Goose" Sang Her Progeny to Sleep With Rhymes Instead of Spanking Them and Putting Them to Bed, As Did the Old Woman in the Shoe.

NOW we're on the trail of Mother Goose, that wise old lady of the nursery who has gladdened many a childhood hour in most of the world's languages, including the Scandinavian.

The French claim her. The English claim her. And there's some reason to believe she was a colonial American, who today may lie in a cemetery in Boston.

At any rate, there's an ancient tombstone in Boston's Old Granary Burying Grounds which is pointed out to visitors as the last resting place of the original Mother Goose.

On it appears the inscription: "Here lyes ye body of Mary Goose, wife to Isaac Goose."

There's another school of thought, however, which contends that it wasn't Mary Goose who gave her name to the immortal nursery rhymes, but that it was Isaac's second wife, Elizabeth.

Born Elizabeth Foster in 1665, the second wife of Isaac Goose, known also as Vergoose, died a widow at the age of 92.

The story has it that she went down in history as a world-famous rhymster because an irate son-in-law secretly put her verses in print to ridicule her. Actually he accomplished just the opposite.

Mrs. Goose's family life provided her with the background for the rhymes of Mother Goose. Mr. Goose believed in large families, and he had ten children by his first wife. After he, at 55, married Elizabeth Foster when she was 27, he sired another ten before his death in 1710. Certainly, she could have written these lines:

"There was an old woman who lived
in a shoe;
She had so many children she didn't
know what to do;
She gave them some broth, without
any bread,
She whipped them all soundly, and
sent them to bed."

Boston's Mother Goose came over from England, and the belief is that she brought with her verses by anonymous rhymsters who poked fun at the frailties of royalty and ladies and gentlemen of the court. Among them was:

"Needles and pins, needles and
pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins."

The reference was to Henry VIII and his fifth wife, Katharine Howard, who introduced pins from France before she lost her head. They became an expensive fashion, and husbands had to provide their wives with special allowances for the luxury. Which also introduced the phrase "pin money" into the language.

Also:

"Hey diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle;
The cow jumped over the
moon;
The little dog laughed to
see such sport
And the dish ran away with
the spoon."

In those times every queen was called a cat. Elizabeth played the fiddle and was identified egregiously as a cow. "The little dog" was her lover, the Earl of Leicester. "The Spoon" was Lady Katherine Grey, a lady-in-waiting who tasted every dish before it was served to Her Majesty. "The Dish" was the Earl of Hertford, custodian of the Queen's tableware, who eloped with Lady Katherine.

Mary, Queen of Scots, is associated with "Mary, Mary, quite contrary" and "Little Miss Muffet," the spider who sat down beside her being John Knox, a great reformer. King George I was "Georgey Porgey," who "kissed the girls and made them cry." James VI of Scotland, was lampooned in "Simple Simon" because he levied high taxes. Edward VI, when he seized farms for sheep pastures, was immortalized in "Baa, baa, black sheep."

Boston's Mother Goose, presiding over a household of ten of her husband's children, which in time was expanded to include ten of her own, found the ditties from the other side beguiling bedtime stories for her brood. She drew on her memory and her imagination to provide adequate fare for the little appetites.

While Mrs. Goose (or Vergoose) was still cooing the rhymes in the nursery, there came into the family Thomas Fleet, from Shropshire, England. He wooed and won Ann, second-born of Mrs. Goose, but not his mother-in-law. In fact, he seemed antagonistic toward her at once.

Fleet never missed an opportunity to gibe her. He called her "Old Mother Goose," and needled her about her jingles. He was a printer and, with an inspiration of fiendish glee, published the verses to embarrass her.

The pamphlet first appeared in 1719 under the title, "Songs for the Nursery, or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children." The cover, designed by Thomas, represented a goose with a long neck, hissing mouth agape, a hump on the back, and enormous feet.

To Fleet's dismay, the book was a success at once. Mother Goose was assured an audience so long as there are children. As the introduction said: "No, no, my melodies will never die While nurses sing or babies cry."

There isn't a copy of the original known to exist. If there were it would bring a fortune to its owner. But in 1856, a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society saw a copy in the Library of the Antiquarian Society. He was in search of other material at the time and didn't bother with it. When he died three years later mention of Mother Goose was discovered in his papers. Bibliophiles began a search at once. It had disappeared.

French writers contend that Mother Goose goes back to the Tenth Century when King Robert reigned over France and his queen gave birth to an infant that looked like a goose. That was the origin of Mother Goose folk lore, they say. Other Frenchmen believe the rhymes began in 1697.

The English claim is less pretentious. The first edition of Mother Goose tales was printed in London in 1760, more than 40 years after Fleet's Boston venture. Oliver Goldsmith was credited with having conjured up some of the nonsense, but he wasn't born until nearly ten years after the Boston issue.

Whatever the genesis of Mother Goose, Boston certainly had its own.

Tombstone of Mrs. Mary Goose in Boston's Granary Burying Ground; Either She or Her Successor Is Now Believed to Be the Original "Mother Goose."

A Mother Goose Rhyme From an English Source, "Little Miss Muffet," Refers to Mary Queen of Scots. The Spider, or Villain, Was John Knox.

N. Y. Public Library Photo.

SMELLS BETTER IN THE POUCH
SMOKES BETTER IN YOUR PIPE

Judge for yourself the difference between Model and other pipe tobaccos. Open a handy red pouch of Model and *smell* it! Yes, give Model the *Sniff Test*. One sniff of that rich, ripe, mellow Model tobacco tells the Model *quality* story. Then put some in your pipe —and smoke it. You'll find it's that same quality which makes Model such a good-tasting, mild-mannered smoke—makes Model burn so even, right down to a clean, dry ash, leaving no gummy heel. Make the Sniff Test on Model and you'll know why veteran pipe smokers say "Model smells better in the pouch; smokes better in the pipe."

How's about it? MAKE A DATE WITH MODEL'S "GAY NINETIES REVUE"—CBS—COAST TO COAST EVERY MONDAY NIGHT.

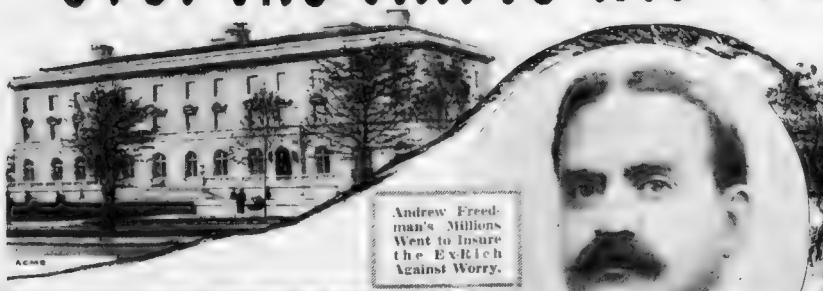
Men—

How'd you like to have a luscious pin-up picture of this gorgeous gal—Vera Gilmer, artist's model? O K. Send your name and address on a postcard (no letters, please) to Model Tobacco, P. O. Box 37, Station G, New York 19, N Y We'll send you, FREE, a swell 7¾" x 9¾" full-color print Only one to a person Offer good in U S A only.

Make a date with MODEL

Over the Hill to the "Mansion"

Going Over the Hill to the Poorhouse Holds No Horror for the Once Wealthy and Prominent Gentlefolk Who Are Eligible for Mr. Freedman's Super De Luxe Sanctuary for the Aged.



ACME

Andrew Freedman's Millions Went to Insure the Ex-Rich Against Worry.

Luxurious Quarters in the Freedman "Home"—and 50 Courteous Employes—Enable the 65 Married Couples Who Are Guests to Live in the Style To Which They Were Formerly Accustomed.

"GOOD MORNING, Countess. How is your lumbago this morning, Baron? I see your railroad stocks are on the rise again, Mr. Van Stuyvesant."

Hearing conversation like this, you might imagine yourself in a club of aristocracy and wealth.

Actually, it's a sample of the breakfast chatter these days in the world's strangest poorhouse—a New York institution conducted for and occupied by impoverished ex-millionaires.

Known simply as the Andrew Freedman Home, the institution now shelters about 130 persons who, except for accidents of fortune, would be dwelling in luxury on Park Avenue or preparing for society's annual trek to the mountains or seashore.

Recently, there has been an influx of titled inmates from abroad—elderly men and women who once were a part of the gay life of glittering European capitals. New guests, too, include some returned expatriates who, like the counts and countesses, have seen their fortunes washed out by the tides of revolution and war.

Because its guests have so many highly placed connections, great care is taken to hide their identity. Then, too, they are naturally sensitive about being in a poorhouse, even one that caters exclusively to the ex-wealthy.

Of course, as philosophers point out, poverty is a relative condition. If you're just an average taxpayer, $10,000 looks like a lot of money. But if $10,000 is all you have left of whilom millions, you feel as if you didn't have a dime.

That's the condition of quite a number in the "Millionaire Poorhouse."

Located in New York's Bronx borough, the institution, viewed either from the outside or in, looks more like a luxurious resort hotel than a poorhouse.

A palatial building, almost two blocks long, it supplies its inmates with a retinue of well-trained servants, the latest books and periodicals, artistically decorated suites, and all the other conveniences of a well-appointed club.

Andrew Freedman, who founded the Home, was a multi-millionaire who had made his money the hard way, some of it by buying and selling real estate, some in other enterprises, including baseball's New York Giants.

After accumulating a fortune, he worried about what would happen to him if he lost it. So, when he died in 1915, he left $5,000,000 for the establishment of a home for people who had once been well-to-do.

The Home was built in 1924, at a cost of about $1,500,000. The doors were opened to "aged and indigent gentle-folk," persons of culture, education and refinement, who were not in a position to maintain themselves.

There are no restrictions based on race, religion or geographical location, but it is still far from easy to join this select group. At present only married couples are admitted. Applicants must be over 60 and under 80. They must have too little money to support themselves, but enough to buy their own little luxuries. They must be in good health—no one is admitted who requires a special diet or special treatment or attention.

But most of all, they must be able to demonstrate to Superintendent Virgil V. Johnson, a Harvard graduate and former clergyman, and to an admission committee of three socially-prominent New Yorkers—that they have backgrounds of wealth, culture and social eminence.

They have come from all over the world. One member was Baron Carl Hahn, who spent 25 years in Japan as an art collector and was twice decorated by the Emperor of Japan. Another was John Foltenhauer, a former general in the Russian Army and once the Governor General of the island of Sakhalin.

There have been, and still are, doctors, lawyers, editors, educators, civil engineers, artists, singers, once-prominent bankers and financiers. Among present inmates is a world-famous Viennese physician who is too old to practice.

They roam at ease through the spacious halls and grounds. They gather around a cheery fireplace in the 75-foot living room. They eat in a paneled dining room. They click the ivories in the billiard room or play bridge in the card room. They read the classics and the latest literature in the library.

The personal quarters of the members include 62 double rooms with private baths, for couples, and 38 single rooms with connecting baths and showers. Recently, because of the labor shortage, some members have volunteered to serve in the dining room.

One of the most active organizers of the volunteer help is a lady in her seventies who looks no older than 50 and has outlived three husbands.

It isn't all one big happy family. There are members who have never spoken to each other although they have lived in the home for years. But most have quarrels and complaints are investigated by a committee.

The rules are comparatively few: no pets, liquor, no confections of any kind; no cooking or ironing in the bedrooms, no smoking in the dining room or library.

Members are prohibited from doing business for profit within the home, but several keep busy at useful tasks. One sells papers and magazines. Another, who once was a wealthy banker, dispenses stamps, conducting each postal sale just as though it were a big business deal.

The home does not cash checks, so a member volunteered to do it. Each day he goes to the bank with a sheaf of checks that average about $5 each.

And romance thrives in this unique setting. The whole membership turned out for the wedding of a widower, 73, and a widow, 72, who had lost their respective mates after entering the home. An octogenarian whose wife had died received permission to marry a woman from outside the home, and she got a membership as a wedding present.

In case of illness, there is a completely equipped infirmary with nurses and a house physician. But, despite the advanced age of the members, comparatively few require medical care. Worry is a chief cause of poor health, and the members of the Andrew Freedman Home have little to worry about—far less than when they were millionaires.

COLLIER'S SERVICE

Poorhouses Were a Lot Different in the Old Days, But Then, There Weren't So Many Ex-Millionaires, Either.

1. **Come, come,** fella! You've got a job—remember? You've *got* to get up! Otherwise you'll have to gulp a skimpy *sip-and-run breakfast.* Very bad, this!

2. **After all,** you've gone all night without food. You can't do an *all-out* job on an all-in stomach. Doctors and dietitians agree that everyone needs *at least one quarter of his daily nourishment at breakfast!*

3. **What kind** of nourishment? Why, *whole-grain!* Uncle Sam's Basic 7 Foods Program says you need it *every* day! And you sure get it from Grape-Nuts Flakes! Filled with that "where-have-you-been-all-my-life" flavor! Chock-full of B1 for sizzling energy!

4. **Sir,** wake up! Hop out of bed to a big bowlful of honey-golden, sweet-as-a-nut Grape-Nuts Flakes. Pour on the milk. Don't spare the fruit. Smack your lips! Pop open those eyes! *Man, oh man,* ain't eatin' better than sleepin'!

Grape-Nuts Flakes

A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!

Government authorities say: Most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.

Doctors and dietitians say: All of us should get at least ¼ of our daily nourishment at breakfast.

Nutritionists say: An adequate breakfast includes *both* fruit *and* a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.

We say: All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES • GRAPE-NUTS
GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT-MEAL • POST TOASTIES
POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

Eat a good breakfast—do a better job!

THE BONES

Captured by Cortez, the Aztec Emperor Cuauhtemoc and One of His Nobles Were Tied to Sacrificial Stones, Their Feet Dipped in Oil and Set Ablaze—But Still They Refused to Tell Where Their Fabulous Treasure Was Buried.

SWING GALLOWAY

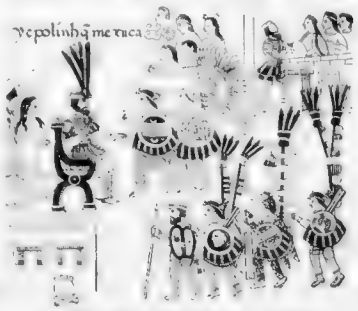
By ISABEL STONE

MEXICO CITY.

FROM a sealed crypt in the buried ruins of a 400-year-old palace in the heart of Mexico City, workmen have brought up a skeleton which may be that of Cuauhtemoc, successor to Montezuma and the last Emperor of the Aztecs.

If experts are able to prove that the brittle bones once supported the frame of the great warrior-hero, the discovery will be hailed as probably the most important archaeological find since the tomb of King Tut, and the most interesting relic ever unearthed on the North American continent.

Mexico City, which occupies the site of Tenochtitlan, the ancient Aztec capital, rests like a huge seal on the hidden mysteries of a lost civilization. Where the mighty Cathedral of Mexico now stands, once rose the imposing Tenochtitlan Pyramid, crowned by the temples to the gods of war and rain. The National Palace, seat of the Mexican Government, tops the spot where Montezuma's palace reared above a handsome city. In the vast Plaza de la Constitucion, known as the Zocalo, there stood the great sacrificial stone, the temple to the God of Air and the skull-rack of the victims offered to the gods. All about were other temples and nobles' palaces, and even a zoo and an aviary.



Ancient Mexican Artist's Conception of Cuauhtemoc's Surrender.

Whenever modern buildings have been constructed in this vicinity in recent years, archaeologists have sifted carefully through the excavations, and their efforts have rarely gone unrewarded. But when the steam shovels went to work last February to prepare for the new Sugar Producers' Syndicate building, just a stone's throw from the Zocalo, the students of Aztec lore reached a new pitch of excitement.

For at this point, according to all the records in the age-old archives, stood the palace of Cuauhtemoc, a national idol of Mexico and the symbol of Aztec bravery and stoicism. Only a few blocks away is the huge statue and monument which an adoring nation has erected in memory of the youthful emperor who drove the Spanish conquistadores from his homeland, only to succumb in the end to their persevering lust for gold.

First to come up from the excavation were four large carvings, cut from volcanic rock. Two of them represented coiled snakes, one almost perfectly preserved and the other pitted by erosion. The other two were monstrous carved heads. A similar head, in such excellent condition that even the paint was preserved, was found later.

By this time Juan Valenzuela, chief of the department of archaeology at the National Institute of Anthropology and History, had assumed charge of historical observations at the excavation. On the morning of March 26 the workmen encountered a small pocket of valuable relics. There were vessels of the fourth Aztec period, various perforated discs of obsidian which probably once formed a collar, a bead of beautiful translucent jade, another of agate and a knife of obsidian.

It looked like a funereal offering. Valenzuela felt he might be on the verge of an important discovery. He urged the workers to dig cautiously. Before long, one of the spades struck stone. The earth was scraped away carefully, revealing what appeared to be a crypt, sunk in solid rock. Over the top was a slab made of stucco or concrete. The workmen lifted it gingerly and found a second slab below. This second slab was pried up.

Inside, coated with the dust of centuries, lay a skeleton. It was obviously someone of high rank, because no ordinary burial would have received this much care. Anthropologists, examining the bones, the skull and the teeth, announced that undoubtedly it was the skeleton of a tall, well-built young man.

Could it be Cuauhtemoc, the fearless boy-emperor who defied Cortez and almost succeeded in annihilating the invading white gods?

Cuauhtemoc was a youth of 26 when he succeeded Montezuma, his uncle and father-in-law, to the Aztec throne. Another uncle, Cuitlahuac, had reigned for a short time after Montezuma but had died of smallpox.

It was a trying time for anyone to assume leadership. Cortez and his cruel, gold-hungry followers were in control of Tenochtitlan. Murder, pillage and rape were everyday occurrences. The Spaniards had located Montezuma's treasure hoard in a walled-up room in his palace, but they wanted more. Many an Aztec noble was being tortured to force the secrets of other caches.

Cuauhtemoc convinced the Aztecs that these strange white creatures, with their fearful weapons and their frightening beasts, could be destroyed. He led his men in a savage attack which penned the Spaniards in Montezuma's palace. The fighting there went on for days.

Cuauhtemoc, Last Ruler of the Aztec Nation. (From an Old Print.)

One night Cortez loaded his loot—estimated at $6,000,000 worth of gold and jewels—on pack horses and the backs of his soldiers. There was a desperate sortie, with the Spaniards fighting from the protection of portable wooden shelters—the first tanks on the American continent. Finally they reached the causeway across Tenochtitlan's encircling lake, the only egress from the city.

There were gaps in the causeway, usually bridged by strong wooden structures, but the Aztecs had destroyed the bridges. As the retreating Spaniards moved into this perfect trap, the Aztecs, on foot and in canoes, closed in from all sides. Comparatively few Spaniards gained the opposite shore.

Empty-handed after having had a fortune in his grasp, Cortez reformed his shattered army and

OF CUAUHTEMOC?

EWING GALLOWAY

The Aztec Goddess Coatlicue, Found During Earlier Excavations Above Cuauhtemoc's Sarcophagus.

A Carved Wooden Spear-Thrower Overlaid With Gold and (Above) an Aztec Stone Knife.

Specialists in Aztec Lore Wondered What Became of the Tortured Body of the Last Emperor Until Steam Shovels Unearthed the Crypt Under Mexico City

returned to the attack with reinforcements and Indian allies. But first he constructed 13 flat-bottomed boats, each to hold 20 men and a cannon.

Cuauhtemoc met the invaders with a fleet of 300 war canoes, which were soon shattered by cannon fire. The Spaniards recaptured the city, but it took them three months to do it. During the siege most of Tenochtitlan was destroyed. The emperor, with his wife and family and a bodyguard of nobles, attempted to slip across the lake in a canoe, but they were overtaken and captured.

"Kill me," Cuauhtemoc begged, holding out a dagger. But he was destined for no such easy fate. Cortez demanded the location of the gold and jewels that had been abandoned in the retreat and recovered from the lake by the Aztecs. When Cuauhtemoc refused to talk, he and one of his nobles, Tetlepanquetzal, were tied to two sacrificial stones. Their feet were soaked in oil and set afire.

Cuauhtemoc withstood the torture with fortitude, but Tetlepanquetzal groaned and squirmed and begged his emperor to reveal the location of the gold. Cuauhtemoc rebuked him coldly.

"Am I taking my pleasure in my bath?" he demanded, originating a phrase which is commonly used in Mexico as a retort to complaints.

Hoping to break Cuauhtemoc's spirit by new threats of terror, Cortez kept him prisoner in nearby Coyoacan. Finally he despaired of getting any information and hanged the emperor.

Although the cause of Montezuma's death has never been established, the disposition of his body is known. Whether Montezuma was killed by his own people because of his collaboration with the enemy, or whether he was stabbed to death by the Spaniards, as many historians believe, his body was thrown over the city wall. It was recovered by the Aztecs and burned in a ritualistic ceremony.

But what happened to the body of Cuauhtemoc after his hanging was never recorded. In view of the current discovery, it is entirely possible that the body was cut down by his followers and secretly interred in his own palace.

ON August 21 of each year, the anniversary of the torture of Cuauhtemoc, a curious festival, is held at the base of the monument erected to his memory. Aztec costumes are worn, dances are performed, and those who claim royal descent recall episodes of his life.

If the skeleton in the crypt can be established as Cuauhtemoc's, his worshipful admirers will have a much more precious relic to inspire them.

The vicinity of the Zocalo has been a treasure trove for archaeologists for more than 150 years. In 1790, while the foundation was being laid for a new Cathedral tower, excavators found the Stone of the Sun, a 24-ton monolith of solid basalt engraved in the years 1427 to 1470. It was a calendar stone on which the Aztec priests kept track of time and religious festivals.

A Cuauxicalli, or sacrificial stone, in the form of a jaguar, was unearthed in 1901 while a new government building was being erected on what had been the site of the Temple of the God of Providence and Light.

This figure, which has a ferocious face, is lying on its stomach with its paws turned in and its tail flicked to the left. Sunk in its back is a deep stone basin, used to collect the blood and hearts of human sacrifices.

As recently as last September, an interesting basalt statue of Chac-Mool, a half-human, half-tiger god, was found not far from the Zocalo.

One of the most revealing Aztec legends centers around Coatlicue, whose first statue was found in 1790 in a corner of the Zocalo while a new sewer system was being installed.

Coatlicue, according to the legend, was a virtuous widow who lived as a priestess in the temple at Coatepec, the Hill of Snakes, near Tollan, the ancient capital of the Toltec nation where cotton grew red, blue and purple.

SHE had 400 sons and one daughter, the legend was. One day, while working in the temple, she picked up a small ball of delicately colored down and placed it absent-mindedly in her bosom. Several months later her 400 sons pointed out to her that she was pregnant. She protested her innocence, but her daughter, Coyolxauhqui, convinced the brothers they ought to kill her to avenge their honor. As they advanced with upraised clubs, she gave birth to Huitzilopochtli, the Left-Handed Hummingbird, or God of War. He was wearing hummingbird feathers and was armed with a frightful club shaped like a snake.

The brothers retreated hastily, but Huitzilopochtli slaughtered many of them and cut off his sister's head.

The legend symbolizes the birth of the sun, also known as Huitzilopochtli. Coatlicue, the mother, is the earth. Her daughter is the moon, and the 400 sons are the stars in the southern sky. The fight between the sun and the 400 stars led by the moon repeats itself daily, and on its outcome depends the welfare of humanity. The day the sun is defeated, the life of mankind will end.

To prevent this calamity, the Aztecs constantly fed Huitzilopochtli's statue the human blood and human hearts, usually plucked, still beating, from breasts of victims tied tightly to sacrificial stones.

The statue of Coatlicue found in 1790 had a dress formed of intertwining rattlesnakes with bared fangs. She wore a necklace of human hearts and hands.

Four years ago, while workmen were excavating for a new Museum of Religious Art near the Zocalo, another statue of Coatlicue was found. It was seven feet high and weighed five tons.

This statue of Coatlicue apparently was created about the same time as the two carved heads found in the ruins of Cuauhtemoc's palace. All three bear hieroglyphs which seem to indicate that they were carved in "12 Cana," the 52-year cycle in the Aztec calendar which begins in 1439 and extends to 1491 of our reckoning.

Workmen are going ahead warily and thoroughly with the excavation for the Sugar Producers' Syndicate building. It seems probable that Cortez and his men would have searched Cuauhtemoc's palace first for gold.

Probably they took it apart, stone by stone, in their eager hunt. But if they overlooked the body of the emperor, they might also have missed the treasure cache. As the spaniards would say: "Quien Sabe?"

CULVER SERVICE

A Human Sacrifice (Above) to Quetzalcoatl (Left) and the Hollow Sacrificial Jaguar Stone (Far Left) Where the Victim's Blood Was Collected.

Here Comes Quaker with a Bang Bang!

WHEAT SHOT FROM GUNS

MAKES YOUR BREAKFAST NUTRITIOUS-AND GAY AS A SONG!

"Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies Is Wheat Shot from a Gun! The Family's Favorite Breakfast Makes Eating Lots of Fun!"
"Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies No Ration Points! Do Tell!"
"The Easy Step to Extra Pep And Boy the Taste is Swell!"
Chee-M-M-
Chee-M-M-

Flavor-Loving America Now Eats 10,000,000 More Servings a Month of These Crisp, Tasty Breakfast Grains!

BREAKFAST IS BASIC, for every one of us, says Uncle Sam. And no breakfast is more delicious than these big exploded grains of crisp, nut-like wheat. For these king-size kernels of wheat SHOT FROM GUNS are nutritious and wholesome. Crisp as the crackle of a campfire! With a rich roasty flavor like nuts in November! So popular, America now eats 10,000,000 servings a month more than a year ago!

A "BASIC 7" FOOD! Yes, Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies are restored with IRON AND TWO VITAMINS (Vitamin B_1 and Niacin) in amounts present in the natural grain. And these food values are recommended by our GOVERNMENT'S WAR-TIME NUTRITION PROGRAM to help keep up strength and morale.

ALL READY TO SERVE with milk and some fruit! See how the whole family perks up to this sturdy breakfast! Mighty tasty any time of the day!

QUAKER *PUFFED WHEAT SPARKIES*
PUFFED RICE SPARKIES

Can Mr. Bell Ring Up His Pixies?

The Little Metal-Headed Men Inside the Earth Were Allegedly His Helpers in Mankind United Until Uncle Sam Nabbed "The Voice." But Now They Seem to Have Deserted Him

When Mr. Bell Allegedly Told Spellbound Listeners About His "Earthquake Makers," His Ability to Whisk Himself Anywhere, Anytime and—Melt Steel at 30 Miles—They Stepped Up and Shelled Out to the Tune of $3,000,000, It Was Charged.

WILL Arthur L. Bell's little men with metal heads come shooting up through a volcano to rescue him from a five-year prison term, or will he have to rely on a reversal of his conviction on charges of sedition?

The Federal Government ignored the metal-headed men when it prosecuted Bell and 16 of his followers soon after Pearl Harbor for utterances and activities considered detrimental to the war effort.

But a California legislative committee on un-American activities gave the hard-noggined pixies considerable attention recently when it began an investigation of Mankind United, a mysterious organization sponsored by Bell for the avowed purpose of eliminating all wars and poverty.

Incidentally, the committee also paid considerable attention to the manner in which Mankind United had managed to acquire $3,000,000 worth of variegated property, assertedly through gifts from people who believed in the metal-headed men, and a lot of similar fantastic cronies of Mr. Bell.

The committee learned that Bell had operated as a moderately successful Oakland, Calif., real estate broker until 1934.

That year, the evidence indicated, he summoned his friends and acquaintances to a meeting in an Oakland hotel and informed them that he was the messiah of a secret movement that would save the world, no less. It was known as Mankind United, he said, founded by a small group of men on Christmas Day, 1875. The testimony disclosed that:

These nameless individuals were known merely as "The Sponsors." They came from the four corners of the globe. But they had no difficulty in attending the Christmas Day conference. None at all. Because they could transport themselves instantly to any spot they wished. Goodbye! Whoosh! Hello! Just like that!

This vast improvement on the magic carpet was just a minor accomplishment of The Sponsors, Bell told his prospective followers. The Sponsors also had powerful vibration machines which could pop the eyes out of human beings 100 miles away.

They had mystic powers which would arrest motion, halt airplanes in flight, leave ships bobbing aimlessly on the waves, melt steel at a distance of 30 miles and destroy the explosive power of ammunition.

Furthermore, they hobnobbed with a race of little men with metal heads who inhabit the bowels of the earth and pass the time arranging earthquakes and floods.

With such an assortment of aides, the elimination of war and poverty looked like a push-over. And that's just what The Sponsors had set out to do, Bell said.

What was more, they had named him "The Voice," and hereafter, whenever they spoke, it would be through him.

The Voice left the impression that the movement had become world-wide since its founding, and the inference was plain that the time was ripe for a California recruiting campaign. His listeners were to go after recruits, extending the privilege of membership to the purchasers of a book, "Mankind United," which was to sell for anything from $2 to $100.

There was another inducement, too. Members would be supplied with a gadget to attach to their radios. When the millenium arrived, this gadget would enable them to enjoy the exclusive privilege of receiving messages from The Voice.

The Sponsors, it seemed, had decreed that Mankind United couldn't hope to take over the world until 200,000,000 members were in the fold.

The inspired proselytists set out with such vigor that by this spring Mankind United had acquired more than $3,000,000 in property, chiefly office buildings, hotels and other substantial revenue-producing real estate all over California.

The vast holdings stand in the name of Mrs. Ruby V. Chapman, Bell's wife, but The Voice explains that they are merely being held in trust for the Church of the Golden Rule, a recently-incorporated non-profit offshoot of Mankind United.

One witness told the investigating committee that the members had been informed at Christmas, 1938, that their ranks numbered 176,000,000 and that the goal of 200,000,000 should be reached by the following Easter, and this would bring about the anticipated millenium.

Robert Arthur Austin, an elderly Los Angeles war worker, testified that he believed his wife, Mrs. Lena Austin, was being held prisoner by the cult.

Mrs. Austin gave up a job last December, he said, to "go under cover for Mankind United" and he hadn't heard from her since.

Bell scoffed at the 200,000,000 membership figure and said he was merely forming an "all-out cooperative" to embrace 200,000 persons in the State, and an economic system that would free the world of war and "give everybody a pay-check of equal size, from the President down to the ditch-digger."

The multi-million dollar investments, he said, came from "gifts to me accompanied by letters stating that such money might be used in any way I saw fit."

Bell admitted he had used some 200 different names in Mankind activities.

Shortly after we got into the war, Bell and 16 henchmen were accused of conspiring to violate wartime sedition laws.

Bell was found guilty with 11 co-defendants and sentenced to serve five years in prison. The conviction was appealed and disposition of that appeal is still pending.

The Voice readily admits that he isn't relying on the little metal-headed men to rescue him, but he makes no secret of his ability to transport himself anywhere at will.

Why, he says, he once went to sleep in his San Francisco home and woke up a few minutes later on a ship in mid-Atlantic!

So, even if he loses his appeal from the Federal prison term, it would seem he has little to worry about.

Arthur L. Bell, "The Voice"; and Left—Robert A. Austin Who Gave Testimony to Investigators About the Cult's Activities.

Mrs. Ruby V. Chapman, Bell's Wife, Who Allegedly Held the Bag for the Mysterious Organization.

Out of This World in Reno

Fantastic Story of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Alimony in the Dizzy Divorce Capital Where Law and License Never Clash

Upper-Crust Attorneys Meet Their Chip-Heavy Clients at the Station With Everything But a Brass Band, for Which the Clients Eventually Pay. The Average Matrimonial Casualty Seeking the "Cure," However, Does Some Comparative Shopping and May Secure Counsel for as Little as $25.

The Former Muriel Vanderbilt Concealed Her Identity Until the Deal With Counsel Was Closed, and Got a Bargain Divorce.

By INEZ ROBB
CHAPTER V

RENO, Nev.

IT IS the consolated opinion of Reno's experts that the treatise with matrimony is married people Twain is a little disillusioned of Dante's portent conclusion that bad women should be married and no man."

The year 1931, in which the United States hit the depth of the depression, was a boom year for Reno. On May 1 of that year, the six weeks' residence requirement for divorce was shaved from three months to six weeks.

It was as if the dam had burst. Divorcees and their money rolled in at a record rate. Hotels, dude ranches and boarding houses were all jammed. The overflow moved into a tent colony on the edge of town. In the twelve months ended June 1 divorces granted [illegible]. This was double the number issued during the previous year.

The experts figured that the six weeks residential requirement had a lot to do with establishing the record. But they decided that poverty had a lot more to do with it. When a man can't [illegible] he overlooked the better [illegible] on the lam.

[illegible] was a very fine theory, neatly tied up with [illegible] phrases and backed by [illegible] years, which is longer than most theories last in these times.

But the theory fell on its face [illegible]. The most prosperous year in the history of Reno was likewise a record-breaker in Reno's divorce field. Almost 6,000 divorce decrees were granted during that year in the "World's Biggest Little City," as the tides of prosperity washed a record-breaking number of [illegible] divorces [illegible] its welcoming shores.

Reno was ready with the bit. And also ready to prove to her [illegible] division that poverty puts the finest in the land. Experts have retreated to a prepared position where love is acknowledged to be a "something thing" at best, with little, if any, reference to whether brother can spare a dime or a dollar.

Because this was the only case we hear about, the lucky [illegible] come to know the Reno colony is not always populated by [illegible] fixing the tireless social efforts of the resort's stalwarts or by beauteous Hollywood and Broadway damsels in marital distress.

Certainly they are the ones who hit the headlines. But the truth is that they are simply cut and dried to order [illegible] numbered by the plain Jane Does and Lottie Roes from every nook and cranny of the United States, including the Hollywood set.

The Social Register is always well represented in Reno. The Screen Actors' Guild and Actor Equity usually have a representative or two on hand. Then [illegible] one of the really fashionable dude ranches. But the bulk of the divorce business is bivouacked in the boarding houses and cheap hotels. Here are the nobodies, the men and women from Keokuk, Tulsa, North Platte, Birmingham and Grass Roots, U. S. A.

Here are the men and women who have replaced [illegible] as the man power shortage [illegible] Reno. These are the people who are working their way through a divorce.

With only the Mesdames Astor, Vanderbilt, Whitney et al in mind, it is difficult to realize that there are not dozens but hundreds annually who are working their way through divorces.

RECENTLY I lunched with a jubilant lawyer whose [illegible] client on the incoming train.

"Not at all, not at all," he chuckled. "I've just solved the domestic help problem for the family. A woman came in to price a divorce this morning. She didn't have much money, but she turned out to be a general cook and a former nurse maid.

"Dot! What a bonanza! What a find! Before she could shop around any further, I got her in the car and whisked her home. She's out there now, putting the house to rights. She's tickled pink to work her way through her divorce and we thank Heaven, have a maid for the next six weeks."

[illegible] and [illegible] for mechanics, and others arrive to take the place of the present duo.

Reno's hotels, restaurants, filling stations, beauty shops, her retail stores, her taxis, her business houses [illegible] are powered by men and women who are working their way through a divorce.

People are reluctant to hire men and women for only a six to eight week period, to train them, break them in and then have them depart the moment the court dissolves their assorted marriages. Put some help is better than no help, Tate Williams, secretary and manager of the Nevada [illegible] Association, [illegible] outside.

When you go into a restaurant or a shop, the affable girl who waits on you is likely to measure you with [illegible] eye and ask bluntly:

"Are you here for The Cure, too, dearie?"

And it is useless to deny it. Two things can [illegible] explained away, the presence of a [illegible] in Reno and a black eye. The world is convinced that neither condition has been arrived at through innocence or accident.

If you say "no," to the girl, she doesn't believe you, and if you say "yes," you are apt to loosen the flood springs to her long and sorry tale of domestic infelicity.

So accustomed is Reno to women working their way through The Cure that I bet a local friend I could ring doorbells in any residential block in town, announce I was working my way through a divorce by selling magazine subscriptions, and no one would either laugh or shut the door in my face.

On a dare, I selected a middle class block out in the university section and rang eleven doorbells. I came away with assorted advice, considerable sympathy and two subscriptions!

A Reno divorce can cost anything. The only fixed fee is the court costs. This amounts to approximately $46, and includes the $20 filing fee, a $10 fee if the defendant files an appearance, $5 for the witness fee, $1.25 for a certified copy of the divorce decree, $2.25 for an exemplified copy of same, and $7.50 to the court reporter for recording and transcribing the case.

The present tangled divorce affairs of Doris [illegible] are described here as "a lawyers' paradise." Walter Gwynn [illegible] of Thatcher and Woodburn, Reno firm, received a Reno divorce for Barbara Hutton, received [illegible] as anyone's guess.

But there is no secret in Reno that the highest fee ever paid in a divorce case was $100,000 by [illegible] Vail Brokaw, of the New York City Brokaws. Brokaw filed his case in Carson City, 25 miles from Reno in the late Twenties. Mrs. Brokaw, the former Nannie C. Inman, bitterly contested the suit.

She was represented by the potent duo of dapper "Billy" Woodburn and George Thatcher, Brokaw by Pat McCarran, now U. S. Senator. Mrs. Brokaw, clinging to the Old Guard conception that divorce would mean social ostracism for her, eventually was persuaded to file a cross complaint and obtained the decree. The financial settlement made by Brokaw on his wife just prior to the granting of the divorce involved $5,000,000 in liquid securities.

Senator Pat McCarran, Who Shared in the Record Divorce Fee—$100,000.

There is a legend in Reno that one of the firms involved in the Brokaw case daringly decided to ask $100,000 as its fee, hoping that the final figure would be no less than $50,000. When the moment to present the bill came, one of the partners—a poker-faced gambler—gave his associate heart failure by suddenly, on a hunch, coolly asking for $200,000.

That sum was denied Wilmot Questioth. It was then the turn of the poker-faced partner to have heart failure. But by that time, he could afford it [illegible] philosophically says. But the Brokaw settlement paled into insignificance beside that obtained by the first Mrs. Marshall Field III, now the wife of Architect Diego Suarez. The Chicago mercantile heir agreed to pay her a life income of $1,000,000 annually.

In gratitude—and why not?—Mrs. Suarez, when she returned to New York, sent her Reno attorneys a check doubling their expected fee. And it really was cheap at the price.

It is said that Barbara Hutton paid $50,000 for the legal aid that resulted in her Reno divorce from Prince Alexis Mdivani and her subsequent marriage to Count Court Haugwitz-Reventlow.

But for every divorce in the above box-car category, there are thousands that cost only in the hundreds. The local bar association long ago tried to fix a standard price of $250 for the average or—shall we say? non-sucker divorce case. But the average lawyer's fee today is much nearer $150. And, if a divorcee shops around, she can pick up a bargain for $25 to $50 from the barristers who specialize in what might be called wholesale business.

These are the boys who somehow manage to get the gasoline to drive a car packed with divorcees over to Carson City or up to Virginia City where the court fees are less than in Reno. Or when business is good, to take a whole bus load of the guls to either metropolis, each 25 miles from Reno.

Quantity, not quality, is the motto of this group in Reno's busy little legal world.

THE well-to-do divorcee, in 99 cases out of a hundred, comes here with her Reno counsel already arranged for by her own attorney in her own home town. One of the most familiar sights in Reno is the smattering of upper-crust attorneys always on hand at the railroad station to meet incoming trains bearing clients.

The divorcee without much money is apt to come and do comparison shopping for prices before she settles on legal counsel. But the rich are not above doing it, either. Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps, the former Muriel Vanderbilt, shopped around out here several years ago without revealing her identity until the bargain was sealed. She obtained a divorce for a shockingly paltry sum considering her Vanderbilt background. It was in the hundreds, not the thousands of dollars.

In the meantime, her sister, Mrs. William J. (Jack) Warburton, the former Consuelo Vanderbilt, paid a fine, Vanderbiltian sum for a divorce from her first husband, Earl E. T. Smith. When she compared notes with sister Muriel, Consuelo was furious at being taken to the cleaners.

But when she came back a few years later to divorce her second husband, Henry Gassaway Davis, she was on to the tops.

Wise to tipping her hand, she settled on a price that was but a fraction of what her first divorce had cost. And when her lawyer eventually discovered that that quiet little woman under the nondescript name of Davis was a Vanderbilt, he all but expired of apoplexy.

Reno, since divorce is a business and hence a financial transaction benefiting the community, sided with the lawyer. It applauded the Vanderbilt heiress during her incumbency.

Next week, Miss Robb will tell how easy it is to get a Reno divorce, and the many forms of complaints that are acceptable to the courts.

Murder by Skeletons at the Feast

The Grim Messengers of Death Danced at the Mexican Masked Ball, and Paid Their Compliments to the Governor With Bullets.

MEXICO CITY

TO DAZZLED eyes the mask ball on Feb. 20 in honor of Colonel Rodolfo Loaiza, Governor of the State of Sinaloa, Mexico, seemed only a riot of gaiety. True, the most striking costumes were worn by four men dressed as Death, coal black masks and mantles over skeleton bones painted on tight black silk. And they were the gayest revelers there.

The four wore black leather pouches, presumably containing death summonses from the Evil One.

But an inconspicuous Secret Service man thought there might be revolvers in them. Bumping into the dancing Deaths, he found his suspicions confirmed. He passed word to other Secret Service men, themselves costumed and carrying revolvers.

Playing drunk, they engaged the four Deaths in talk and tried to scrutinize the faces under the masks, but the masks were inscrutable.

The Secret Service men were not too alarmed. Many men carry weapons in Mexico; and these men seemed jolly with wine and tequila.

Also, it was hard to think of anything but revelry in the Andalusian patio of the Hotel Belmar that night. The carnival ball was always so gay there that visitors to the port city of Mazatlan came from Mexico City and the United States.

One of the four Deaths came over to the table where Governor Loaiza sat beside an attractive woman, in a Carmen costume, Senora de Michel, wife of the State Treasurer. Death swept off his sombrero with a bow and said:

"Even the Evil One sends you a gallant message, Senora!"

He opened the flap of his pouch and searched as if for a paper. Governor Loaiza genially smiled.

"All gallant messages for the Senora must come through me."

"Then here it is!" Death snarled.

His hand came out of the pouch with a revolver, and four shots cut the music and the laughter. Two seconds ticked off in spellbound silence, then panic and screams broke loose.

Governor Loaiza wilted, then rolled against Senora de Michel and slumped in her lap. She was too petrified with fear even to scream. The Governor was dead.

The assassin was backing toward the patio gate, his smoking revolver advising everyone to remain motionless. But Secret Service men, their own revolvers out, were in pursuit of him, trying for a clear shot.

The three other Deaths flanked their comrade, their pistols drawn. One shouted, "If you shoot we will all shoot!"

The four were at the patio gate now. A few steps away were two cars, obviously theirs.

The detectives opened fire. The four Deaths had no clear view of the Governor's "pistoleros," but they, too, fired and kept it up as they backed out of the patio.

Throughout the carnival crowd men and women fell screaming, some with terror, others with pain from wounds.

Two men sank lifeless. One was Walter Victor Colchett, instructor in the air forces of the United States Army. The other was also an American, Reuben Brooks, brother of an executive for Warner Brothers, movie makers. Still another American, John Bouse of California, and Senor Jose Duarte, a Mexican, writhed on the floor.

By this time the four masked men were in their automobiles. One in each car drove, while the other continued shooting at detectives.

But the duel was at long range now, and before the pursuers could get cars of their own the four were gone.

Captain Gonzale Bazan, in command of Federal forces, and every police officer throughout Mexico was enlisted in the hunt for them. The two autos were found abandoned next day. One was soaked with blood.

The hunt for the assassins is still on. There are few clues and many theories. But everybody has been discussing a dramatic incident that took place just about a year ago.

The Flower Festival at Mazatlan is an important yearly event. Not to be invited if one is at all a public figure is a deliberate slight. Last year Governor Loaiza was not invited.

Governor Loaiza and the Flower Queen Just Before His Murder.

Alfonsito Reyes, son of General Bernardo Reyes, was in the midst of an oration to the festival crowd. Governor Loaiza, dressed in riding habit, strode to the stage. Two revolvers were at his side. Six "pistoleros" were with him, also in riding costume.

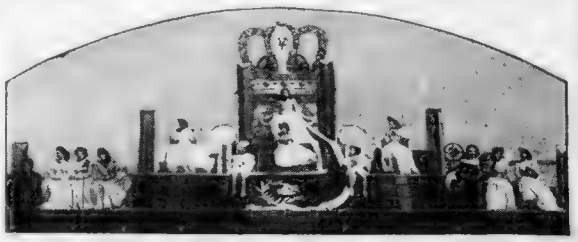
The Governor and his men sat down on the stage, not only stealing the show, but showing by their garb contempt for those who were conducting the occasion.

A young newspaperman had attacked the Governor in his column. Now he was called to the stage to receive a prize "for meritorious writing." Before he reached the platform several men beat him unconscious.

The whole affair is being recalled now in connection with the Governor's murder. But General Reyes, his son and other officials of the Flower Festival delivered moving addresses at the Governor's funeral.

Another incident is being scrutinized for clues. Senor Alfonso Tirado, a political opponent of the slain Governor, was murdered a year ago. His grave was daily decorated with floral wreaths of a peculiar pattern. Everybody knew that two close friends of Tirado, "El Gitano" (the Gypsy), and "El Zarco" (The Wall-eyed One), placed those wreaths and had sworn to avenge their friend.

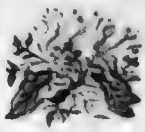
The police began a vain search for them. Then, recently, there appeared on the Governor's grave wreaths like those that marked the grief of "El Gitano" and "El Zarco" for Tirado.



Queen of the Flower Festival of Mazatlan Surrounded by Her Ladies-in-Waiting.

Why are salads rated so high for nutrition?

Vitamins ...Salad vegetables and fruits are among our best sources of vitamins—especially Vitamin C and Vitamin A. Tomatoes, citrus fruits, raw cabbage, are outstanding for Vitamin C. Carrots, tomatoes, greens, are rich in Vitamin A.



Minerals ...The leafy greens that make such tempting salads supply valuable amounts of the essential food minerals, calcium and iron.

Proteins ... Eggs, cheese, seafood, poultry—the foods we use for hearty, main-dish salads—are fine sources of high-quality proteins.

"Salad makings" are protective foods, basic for good nutrition. Five of the "Basic 7" Food Groups include foods that are served in salads.

Why do folks rave so over salads with this particular dressing?

"I'll never forget the first time I tried Miracle Whip. It was a *revelation* of how good a salad dressing can be. You see, Miracle Whip is a unique *kind* of dressing —it combines the qualities of old-fashioned boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise. I've never found anything to compare with its 'different' flavor. And its *texture* is marvelous, too."

"Even fellows who call salads 'sissy' change their tune when they taste salads with Miracle Whip. That dressing makes a world of difference . . . it's got a peppy flavor that gives salads 'man appeal'. It was no surprise to me when I heard that Miracle Whip is America's favorite salad dressing."

"Mom was always saying 'Eat your salad, Molly—it's so good for you'. But gosh, she doesn't have to say that any more! I *go* for salads now! 'Cause why? 'Cause that Miracle Whip Salad Dressing tastes so simply super. It makes salads just d-*lish*."

Millions prefer it... you will, too!

RIGHT IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD there's a battle front to hold. That Victory Garden of yours will help make Food Fight for Freedom ...if you give it the constant attention it must have. So keep up the fight! Weed it, water it, hoe it. Your job just started when you planted the garden.

IF KRAFT MAYONNAISE isn't on your dealer's shelves, it's because of wartime shortages. We're sorry—and we hope it won't be long before we can make all you went again.

Science Finds a Way to Blast the Jap Beetle

European Photo

Swarming Out of the Ground in Hordes the Insect Pests from Nippon Blitz Your Garden and Break Your Heart, But This Year the U. S. Department of Agriculture Offers Simple Ammunition to Wipe Them Out.

The Korean Wasp, Imported a Few Years Ago, Successfully Battles Jap Beetles Single-Handed; But It's a Slow Way of Fighting.

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL
Noted Science Analyst

WHILE our boys are blasting the Japs in the South Pacific, the Jap insect enemy we allowed into this country years ago also is being groomed for destruction.

The Japanese Beetle, worst pest of the nation's gardeners and long listed as the one least likely to be eradicated, now is slated to die from eating ground-up bodies of its own relatives; an especially ignoble fate for a bug that came from a land where ancestor worship prevails.

The deadly corpses are only part of a new anti-beetle preparation. They've been expertly inoculated with Bacillus popilliae, a little bacteria now known to make the bugs from the Land of the Rising Sun fatally ill.

Long before Pearl Harbor the U. S Department of Agriculture started experimenting on microbe warfare against Jap beetles, but only this year has a sure-fire exterminator been released for commercial distribution.

Its manufacture easily would fall into the realm of the diabolical if applied to man.

First, many healthy Jap beetle larvae are inoculated with the deadly Bacillus popilliae. Immediately the bug babies turn a milky white and soon die. Its other role over, the little bacillus goes into a resting or spore stage in the corpses, and science grinds up the remains, sleeping germs and all. To this dust is then added enough talc to give the desired bulk.

The resulting concoction is so potent that one ounce contains spores of 3,000,000,000 germs.

Yet the powder can safely be scattered on top of the ground in any beetle infested region, because it is absolutely harmless to both animals and man. Neither are plants injured by its presence.

Only when the bacillus spore enters the body of a Jap beetle larva does it "come to life" and start to spread like wild fire. Just as in the laboratory, the bug baby develops a milky white skin, turns up its toes and departs this world.

Because of its strange reaction the new remedy is being called the "milky disease" dust.

Experts recommend that one level teaspoonful of the material be dropped on the surface of the ground at 5 foot intervals, in rows five feet apart. Used in this proportion it takes only 10 or 11 pounds to treat a whole acre field and a single pound of the preparation will take care of about 4,000 square feet.

Although adult beetles do sicken from eating these powdered remains of their next of kin, it is the babies that have to be killed to insure pest control.

As any lawn owner or gardener knows, these little grubs infest the soil in hordes. For ten months theirs is a strictly underground existence; then they emerge for a 60-day sabotage job. In their subterranean lairs the beetle infants keep alive by consuming grass and many other plant roots, much to humanity's sorrow.

Now science hopes to kill off these babes by feeding them the new spore dust.

It's a job, once started, that turns out to be almost self-perpetuating. When one larva dies from the milky disease it leaves from three to nine billion more deadly spores in the ground to kill baby brothers and sisters. If none of them bite, so to speak, the bacilli are patient. Floods and drought don't disturb them. Extreme heat and cold seem to leave them placidly continuing their vigil for victims.

But occasionally some of the spores hitch-hike to other fields—via the wind or washed by the rain. A bird or barnyard biddy may gobble up infected larvae and carry the bacillus spores, which are indigestible in animal stomachs, to new territory.

Here, it seems, is the answer to the Jap beetle problem, although experts still will continue to guard against the insect enemy's travel.

Nobody knows just when this gardener's nightmare sneaked into the country.

But as early as 1916 it was found lurking in the grass near Riverton, N. J. Since then it has appeared throughout much of the United States.

A few years ago a little black wasp was imported from Korea in the hopes that it would attack and wipe out the invaders from the Orient.

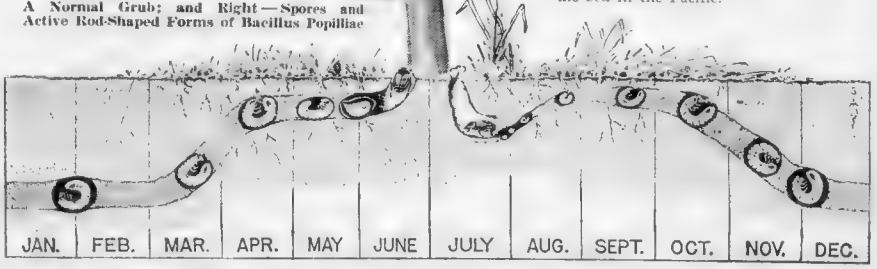
Although each female wasp lays 60 eggs, this is a slow and expensive way of keeping Nippon's nefarious insects out of the back yard.

The new germ treatment, however, reasonable as well as easy to apply. The dust can be spread in the spring, summer or fall and once the ground has become saturated the effectiveness of the milky disease bacillus may last for years.

With this new ammunition at his disposal the home owner may effectively wage war out his Jap enemies here while his neighbor is mopping them up in the air and on the sea in the Pacific.

Black Star Photo

A Normal Grub; and Right—Spores and Active Rod-Shaped Forms of Bacillus Popilliae



Resting Underground in Winter the Jap Beetle Grub Seems Harmless, But Arousing When Plants Start to Sprout, She Crawls Nearer the Surface to Find a Meal.

Changed From Larva to Adult She Swarms Up Into Your Garden; Lays Eggs That Hatch Only a Few Inches Down So That Beetle Babies Can Ruin Your Lawn.

The Grubs Eat Plant Roots for Two Months, Then, Full-Grown, Settle Down Four to Eight Inches Underground Gathering Strength to Start the Cycle Over Again.

Classroom Boners of 1944

A Schoolboy, More Truly Than He Knew, Wrote on a Grammar Exam: "The Objective of 'He' Is 'She.'"

CLASSROOM boners are among the few things that brighten the lives of school teachers, and the year of 1944 has been no exception. Literary efforts of pupils often are more amusing than serious. Some such efforts, selected from The Pocket-Book of Boners, are published on this page, by arrangement with The Viking Press, New York City.

• • •

A census taker is a man who goes from house to house increasing the population.

• • •

The emu is the name of the noise made by a cat.

• • •

Filet Mignon is an opera by Puccini.

• • •

The Kodak is the Bible of the Mohammedans.

• • •

An unbridled orgy is a wild horse.

• • •

A grass widow is the wife of a vegetarian.

• • •

A Mayor is a he horse.

• • •

A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.

• • •

Acrimony is what a man gives his divorced wife.

• • •

Robert Browning married a sick poetess named Peaches, but after a while she got well enough to go on the stage and have a baby.

• • •

Thomas Paine was a rare individual obsessed by common sense.

• • •

Shakespeare was born in the year 1564, supposedly on his birthday.

Robert Louis Stevenson got married and went on his honeymoon. It was then he wrote "Travels With a Donkey."

• • •

Queen Victoria was the only queen who sat on a throne for 63 years.

• • •

Tell all you know about Keats.
I don't know anything. I don't even know what they are.

• • •

The two genders are "masculine and feminine. The masculines are divided into temperate and intemperate and feminines into frigid and torrid.

• • •

An interval in music is the distance from one piano to the next.

• • •

Medieval cathedrals were supported by flying buttocks.

• • •

The future of "I give" is "You take."

• • •

What was the Age of Pericles?
I think he was about 40.

• • •

Who signed the Magna Carta?
I didn't.

• • •

Queen Elizabeth was a fat woman. The demands of the Spanish Ambassador she stoutly resisted.

• • •

Abraham Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg Address while traveling from Washington to Gettysburg on the back of an envelope.

• • •

Imports are ports very far inland.

• • •

Henry VIII had an abbess on his knee, which made walking difficult.

• • •

Benjamin Franklin produced electricity by rubbing cats backward.

• • •

The witness was warned not to purge himself.

• • •

Name a five-letter word meaning a heavenly body with a long luminous tail.
Angel.

• • •

A horse divided against itself cannot stand.

• • •

The great philosopher Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock.

• • •

In the United States people are put to death by electricity.

• • •

Forgive us our debts as we forgive our dentists.

• • •

In a sale of public auction, the title passes as soon as the auctioneer knocks the buyer down.

• • •

Citizens of the United States may be either male or female upon reaching the age of twenty-one, if of good moral character.

• • •

It was raining cats and dogs and there were poodles in the road.

• • •

The Boer War was a big fight put on for the pleasure of Louis XIV.

• • •

Capital punishment should not be used too frequently in schools.

• • •

Manhattan Island was bought from the Indians for about $24 and now I don't suppose you could buy it for $500.

• • •

Where is Cincinnati?
Fourth place in the league.

• • •

In the West, the farming is done mostly by irritating the land.

• • •

Asked to name six animals peculiar to the Arctic regions, a boy replied "Three bears and three seals."

• • •

A mountain range is a cooking stove used at high altitudes.

• • •

Why does cream rise to the top?
So people can get it.

• • •

To stop a nosebleed, stand on your head till your heart stops beating.

• • •

My father's early life was hard as he had a step-father who owned a butcher shop. At five he was up and in the slaughter house killing some kind of meat-bearing animal. He was about 15 years old when he sold meat from a wagon and a girl used to ask him for some meat which later proved to be my mother.

• • •

Give qualifications for a President of the United States.
He must be at least 35 years of age because before that time he would be too busy getting married to be of any real use to his country.

• • •

The spinal column is a collection of bones running up and down your back and keeps you from being legs clean up to your neck.

• • •

Correct: The bull and the cow is in the field.
The cow and the bull is in the field. Ladies come first.

• • •

Certain areas of Egypt are cultivated by irritation.

• • •

Compare Washington's and Hoover's Cabinets.
When the British burned Philadelphia they destroyed the cabinets. Everything was spoiled in Hoover's cabinet. So, he got himself a new cabinet with everything in it.

According to One Pupil, "A Senator Is Half Horse and Half Man."

"A Yokel Is the Way People Talk to Each Other in the Alps."

"Herrings Go About the Sea in Shawls."

When Asked What Paul Revere Said at the End of His Famous Ride, One High School Boy Replied: "Whoa!"

"Napoleon Dispersed the Rioters With a Whiff of Grapefruit," One History Student Answered.

"Catherine the Great's Husband Was Hung by Her Supporters."

"You're pinched! I know a time bomb when I see one!"

MR. R.: OFFICER, DO I look like a saboteur? So help me, I'm just [illegible]

COP: The Bomb Squad will settle *that!* A[illegible] throwing a[illegible]

MR. R.: Have a heart, man! My shirts have shrunk for years. I nearly choked to death. Then I'd give 'em to Mary for dust cloths . . . and buy more. Now she's got *dozens* of dust cloths—doesn't want any more.

COP: Going on for years, eh? Heck, you're no criminal. You just don't read the ads! Have you ever heard of "Sanforized"-labeled shirts? Can't shrink over 1% by the government's standard test. All the smart men on the force wear them.

•SANFORIZED•
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Checked standard of the trade-mark owner
The "Sanforized" [illegible] used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for [illegible] are regularly checked, through the [illegible] of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of [illegible] standard by licensed users of the mark. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

MR. R.: No kidding? Say, drop me at a corner, will you? It's me for an armful of "Sanforized" shirts!

COP: O.K. except for the armful! Goods 'n manpower are too scarce for armloads today. Just get what you need. And be *sure* to get that "Sanforized" label—on ALL washable things. There'll come a time, my boy, when all cottons will be "Sanforized." Here! Two tickets to the Police Picnic. Two dollars, please.

MR. R.: Officer, what you say about that "Sanforized" label makes me think a lot of my troubles are over! Here are four bucks. I think I know of another couple who'll want to take in that picnic. So long.

COP: Thank you, sir! And mind you buy *nothing washable* without a "Sanforized" label. 'Night, sir!

US: Look for the "Sanforized" label *on all washables. It's your assurance that the fabric can't shrink more than 1% in men's and women's work clothes . . . men's shirts, shorts, pajamas . . . women's sportswear, house dresses, slips . . . washables for boys and girls . . . slip covers, drapes. Be patient if your store doesn't have them. But don't ever stop asking for the "Sanforized" label.*

AVOID WASTE . . . GET PERMANENT FIT . . .
LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

INSIDE STORY

of a hard-fighting, hard-loving American... Ship-builder! Heart-breaker! A great film packed with dramatic spectacle and unforgettable romance!

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ANNE SHIRLEY

Man from Frisco

GENE LOCKHART
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TOMMY BOND

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Film Battles Rationed

Few Moviegoers Have Any Idea of the Big Bangs Hollywood Producers Get Out of the Small Supplies of Explosives They Can Buy.

By
JOHN U. STURDEVANT

MOVIEGOERS by the million probably jump to the conclusion that Hollywood has enough explosives on hand to open a powder plant. How else could the film capital turn out all those war pictures filled with battle scenes that almost jolt the customers out of their seats?

The truth of the matter is this: the movie producers and directors are on very short rations. The stuff that blows up and makes a big bang is earmarked for the Nazis and the Nips. Hollywood gets very little of it—and just when it needs it most.

TAKE the case of Frank Tuttle, director of the underground movie, "The Hour Before Dawn." The script called for plenty of explosions but all Mr. Tuttle could find in the warehouse was one small keg of rejected gunpowder, two or three tins of chemicals and 50 rounds of Fourth of July ammunition. And Uncle Sam said he'd have to get along with that.

Every bang called for in the script was carefully listed. Small quantities of explosives were allotted to each blast. Tricky microphones that make the squirt of a fizz bottle sound like an erupting volcano were set up close to each little charge.

The stones of a house that had to go up in a mess of rubble were stuck together with pastry instead of mortar. A teacupful of gunpowder blew it to bits.

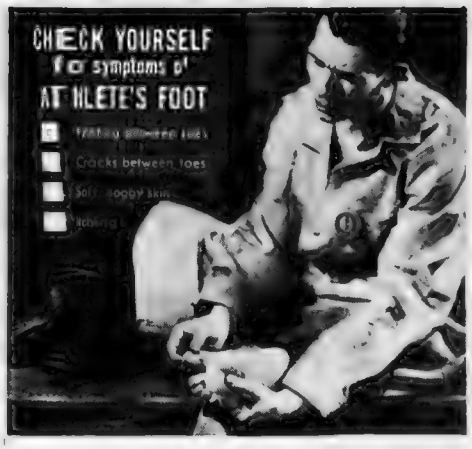
Shell holes were dug in advance and filled with pieces of cork. With the help of the trick "mikes" a few ounces of powder blew the stuff high in the air—with the cork splitting in clouds of dust.

THIS recipe solved only part of the problem of making these make-believe war scenes as realistic as the eagle-eyed newsreel shots to which the public has become accustomed. The action had to be stopped so that the eagle-eyed customers wouldn't see the pieces of cork bouncing like rubber balls.

Second-hand lumber was used for buildings that had to be blasted and burned because the Government strictly limits the amount of money that can be spent on sets. And the charred timbers were salvaged from each scene so that they could be cleverly camouflaged with phony fronts and used over again. Wood is on the priority list, too.

EVERY Hollywood director is up against the same thing, and he will be until the Germans and the Japs have had a bellyful of gunpowder. But the movie colony's masters of illusion will see to it that the little booms in those noisy and exciting war films go a long, loud way.

Every newsreel from the fighting fronts is carefully studied to help handicapped Hollywood accurately reproduce the sights and sounds of war for the folks at home.



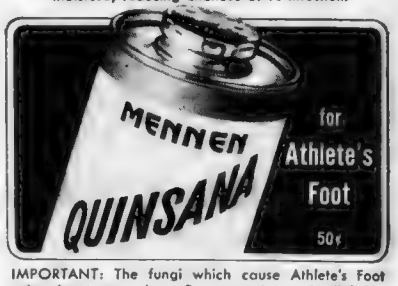
75 MILLION HAVE IT!

Maybe you never realized it, but chances are *you* have Athlete's Foot. Surveys show over 70% of U. S. adults infected each year. Mild case may suddenly become serious. Now science has a better treatment! In thousands of test cases, practically all infection cleared up quickly with easy 2-way Quinsana method—used today by millions.

NEW 2-WAY TREATMENT

1. Use Quinsana on feet daily. Gives amazing relief quickly. The great majority of Chiropodists, specialists in care of the feet, recommend Quinsana.

2. Shake Quinsana powder into shoes daily to absorb moisture, reducing chances of re-infection.



IMPORTANT: The fungi which cause Athlete's Foot exist almost everywhere. For protection and relief, use Quinsana daily. Also excellent for excessive perspiration, foot odor. Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., San Francisco, Cal.

"Either Carry Out the Christmas Tree Or Put On the Window Screens TODAY."

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR
...AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

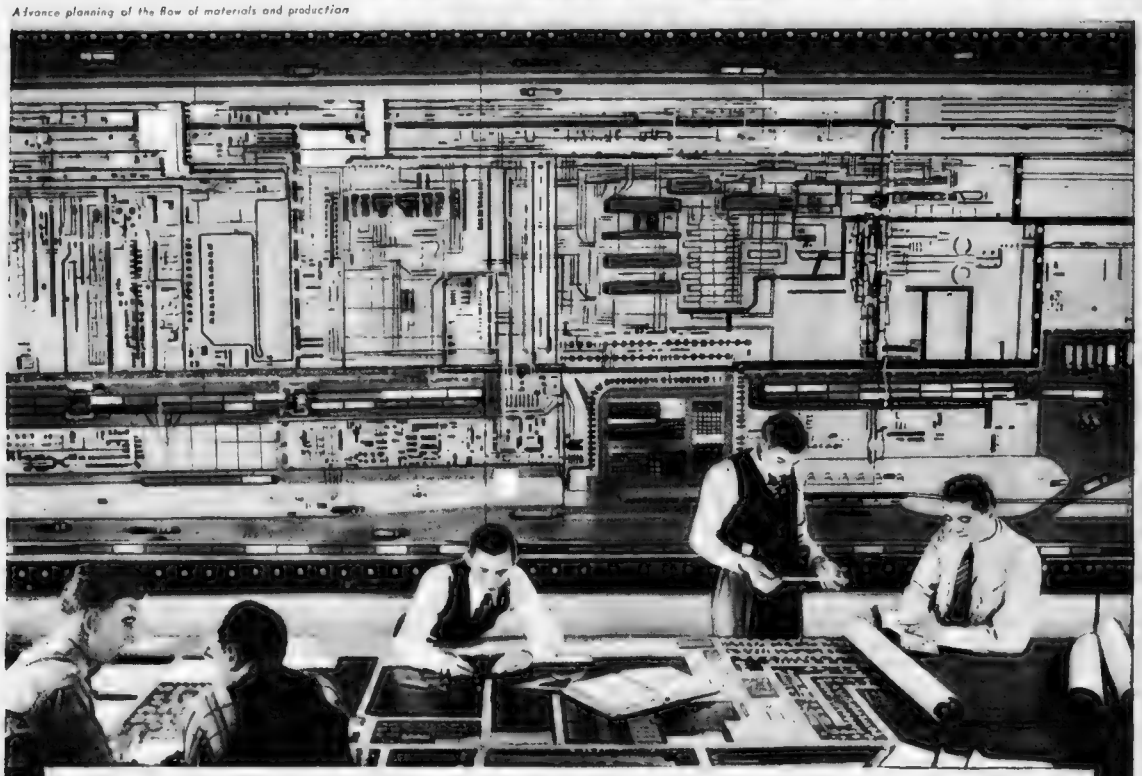
Now, at home, you can quickly and easily restore your gray to natural-appearing shade—from youthful lightest to darkest black. Simply comb a small brush over it—or your money back. Used for 50 years by thousands of men and women—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed. Active coloring is pure vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush it in. One application imparts desired shade. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Prove it to yourself by testing a test lock of your hair. Only $1.75 (3 times as much) at drug or toilet counters or a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE. Use it today.

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER

IMAGINATION IN MANAGEMENT

WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU—IN WAR—IN PEACE

Advance planning of the flow of materials and production



Imagination is a factory whistle you never hear, it's a call to action for people who like their work.

Imagination is doing things that "can't be done," anticipating needs before they arise.

Imagination is the daring, unrestricted force in management that gives special character to Chrysler Corporation products — for war or for peace.

Management at Chrysler Corporation is "men in their shirt sleeves"—quick-minded, practical men. They keep the spark of imagination active throughout the entire producing and operating Chrysler organization. They stimulate the exchange of ideas and experience among its divisions to strengthen *each* with the resources of *all*.

Every Chrysler Corporation product is better because of this close co-operation . . . and because of the far-sighted research and engineering carried on for the whole group.

Today this Chrysler teamwork produces aircraft assemblies and engines, tanks, army trucks, harbor tugs, anti-aircraft guns, gyro-compasses, ammunition and other military equipment — all in large quantities.

Before the war, Chrysler imagination and technical skill brought you such important car developments as 4-wheel hydraulic brakes, high-compression engines, all-steel bodies, floating power and fluid drive. When the war ends, we can again build quality cars and trucks for you.

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TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES EVERY THURSDAY, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

SCALP ODOR NOT YOU?

Check your partner!

If anything can tell you whether or not you offend with scalp odor, it's your pillow . . . for your pillow lives with you—close to you—night after night.

You can't see pores, just as your shoulders can't know. So it's easy—perhaps—with oily hair—to offend unintentionally.

A simple way to be *sure* your hair looks fresh is to use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. Packer's contains pure medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears.

Try this gentle, thorough-cleansing shampoo. See how soft and lustrous it leaves your hair . . . how clean and fresh it makes your scalp. Get Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug department or ten-cent store.

PACKERS Pine Tar SHAMPOO

You, too, can fly a PIPER CUB!

. . . One turn to free brake . . . to fly . . . throttle . . . plus a lot more.

You'll find a dark mystery to flying, as you will learn in the new booklet "Piper Cubs . . . In War and In Peace," which tells you the basic principles of flight.

In addition, it includes an interesting history of the light airplane, it covers the wartime and peacetime uses of Piper Cubs and tells what the coming air age will mean to you. You'll enjoy this new 32-page, aviation booklet beautifully illustrated in full color.

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Be Smart! Be Modern! Be Glamorous!

Use YOUR OWN personal ZODIAC PERFUME. Tended for YOU exactly by the YOUR Zodiac sign on the bottle. Wear and hold HIM by applying YOUR horoscope. Success YOU in romance, love, business and society. Money back guarantee.

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WHY SUFFER FOOT TROUBLES THAT DRAG YOU DOWN. TIRED, BURNING, TENDER, PERSPIRING, ITCHING FEET OR CALLOUSES AND CORNS GIVE YOU THAT E-X-H-A-U-S-T-E-D LOOK.

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GET PROMPT RELIEF WITH EFFICIENT, SOOTHING JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP. SOFTENS CORNS AND CALLOUSES. AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND TOILET GOODS DEPARTMENTS

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FILTER in ROYAL DEMUTH makes pipe function superbly

FILTERS FOR ROYAL DEMUTH PIPES

Write for chart picturing beautiful all-smooth models, telling benefits of MARVELOUS PATENTED FILTER

Also same styles, all-etched, with Eagle or "V" engraved PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS specially designed for men in service as well as civilians.

Wm. Demuth & Co., Inc., N. Y. 3

ENGRAVED ON ETCHED BOWL

ENGRAVED ON ETCHED BOWL

A Problem for Brides

Many a Fighting Yank Is Unaware of the Fact That Any Girl He Marries in a Foreign Country Is Still an Immigrant and Not an American Citizen.

IF an American soldier gets married abroad, can he bring his wife back to the United States? Does she automatically become an American citizen? Or if a WAC or Army nurse falls in love with a foreigner overseas and marries him, does she lose her citizenship?

Because millions of Yanks are stationed in many different countries around the globe, these questions, and many more like them, are becoming increasingly important.

According to a recent report of the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service, letters already have begun to come into Washington from alien brides of American soldiers asking for a definition of their status.

THE most important thing for a Yank to know—and a lot of them are not aware of it—is that an alien woman does not gain United States citizenship just by marrying an American. The only right she acquires is to enter this country as a "non-quota" immigrant and then only if she meets the regular requirements for such immigration. One of these is proof that she is not likely to become a public charge.

If, however, the American soldier or sailor dies in battle, his wife no longer can enter this country—except under the regular quota. Any entry petitions, filed before the death, are revoked.

The status of foreigners who marry WACs, or other women of our armed forces is somewhat different. As alien husbands, they cannot enter this country outside the quota—although they are entitled to a preferred status under the quota of their particular nation.

THE girl marrying abroad does not lose her American citizenship. In most countries, however, if she wishes, she can automatically become a citizen of a foreign nation by reason of her marriage.

That, says Edward J. Shaughnessy, who is special assistant to the Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization, happens because most countries still extend the courtesies of citizenship to alien women who wed their own nationals.

If an American soldier has a child born abroad, the youngster can become an American citizen provided he lives in the United States for five years while he is between 13 and 21.

As American soldiers can not marry foreign girls abroad without the permission of their commanding officer, all Yanks are fully informed of the law before they take the trip to the altar with their alien brides.

Next Week

HORMONES FOR HEIGHT

Dramatic quest in a science laboratory that has resulted in isolating the "growth hormone" and opens the way to add inches, or feet, to one's height. Read "Hey, Shorty, Ever Try Hormones?" in the

June 11 issue of

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Veronica Lake soon to be seen in BRING ON THE GIRLS a Paramount Picture

America's Finest Permanent!

There are many kinds of permanents but there is only one Frederics Tru-Curl permanent. And why is this permanent considered America's Finest? Because it leaves your hair looking soft and lovely . . . as if it grew naturally curly. You need have no worry about your hair becoming brittle or looking "kinky" when you have a Frederics Tru-Curl because this famous permanent contains no harsh, beauty-stealing metallic salts which are the cause of dry, lifeless, brittle hair.

If you want the finest permanent that it is possible to obtain get a Frederics Tru-Curl. If price is a consideration, get one of Frederics other really good permanents.

frederics tru-Curl permanent waves

F. Frederics, Inc. (Dept. AM-29),
4402 11th Street, Long Island City 1, N. Y.

Send me a list of Franchise Salons in my community where Frederics Tru-Curl Permanent is given by experts. Also send free booklet which describes all Frederics famous permanents.

Name
Address
City State

FOR 20 YEARS AMERICA'S FINEST PERMANENTS

From friendship to romance—let Mum guard your charm!

Quick, dependable Mum every day prevents risk of underarm odor!

Friendship today can be romance—tomorrow! So always be sure of your charm . . . know you're safe from underarm odor! Every day, after every bath, use Mum! Remember a bath removes *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. Mum keeps you dainty, nice to be near. Mum's gentle—dependable—easy to use! Try Mum today!

MUM'S QUICK—Smooths on in 30 seconds—guards charm all day or evening.

MUM'S SAFE—Use it anytime, even after you're dressed. Safe for fabrics. Won't irritate skin.

MUM'S SURE—Without stopping perspiration Mum prevents risk of underarm odor. You can trust Mum!

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GET MUM TODAY!

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERNAIL TEST?

1. Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose scalp, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil Tonic. It helps relieve dryness and remove ugly dandruff! Buy Cream-Oil today!

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nationwide test prefer it to the preparations formerly used. Get it today from your barber

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Catalog of Steel-Grip Safety Appliances free on request.

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Famous Industrial Safeguards Since 1918
664 Garfield, Danville, Illinois
(In Canada: Safety Supply Co., Toronto)

Are Twins Psychic?

The 50-Year-Old Englishman Collapsed on the Street and Died—at Almost the Same Moment That His Twin Brother Died in a Sheffield Club.

FIFTY YEARS old Percy Black, of the English town of Hoopham was on his way to work the other day when he said "dizzily collapsed in the street and died on the way to the hospital.

To a puzzled doctor in the ambulance, Black spoke these last words:

"I feel something is wrong at Sheffield."

When the physician later repeated these words to Black's family, the dead man's relatives were startled because they had just received word of the death of his twin brother, Cecil Black, who had collapsed and died under similar circumstances in his club at Sheffield. Cecil had preceded his brother in death by only an hour or two.

TO JOSEPH ANTAL, the Hungarian twin expert, this apparent mental telepathy between the two English brothers is further proof of his theory that there are definite spiritual bonds between individuals born together.

Antal, who has gathered together the world's largest collection of data relating to the lives and careers of over 2,000 pairs of twins, thinks that in some mysterious manner the minds of such offspring are attuned to each other.

Antal, who was one of triplets, had his attention drawn to this phenomenon by an experience of his own. One summer day, when they were 17, his sister and brother asked him to go swimming with them, but he refused. So they went off to the stream without him.

After a while, Joseph says, he had a strong feeling that he should follow them, that disaster was imminent. Rushing to the river, he arrived too late. His triplet sister and brother had been drowned.

THAT tragic accident started Antal studying data on similar occurrences. He has collected so many case histories that he is now certain in his own mind that there is a kind of telepathy between twins — a mysterious awareness that lets one know what the other one is doing, even though he or she is thousands of miles apart.

One of his most interesting records concerns a successful musical comedy actress who was touring European theatres when she got an urgent and insistent letter from her twin sister. This message implored her to break her contracts and retire at once, since she was in grave danger if she remained any longer on the stage.

The actress only laughed at her sister's fears, but a few days later her costume was set ablaze in a stage fire and she was so disfigured by burns that she had to give up her career.

"Emily, I Wish You'd Quit Subcontracting the Hatching."

I GOT Hollywood TEETH

'Cause I get my Red Heart Dog Biscuits!

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- Swell for balancing diet, promoting good health and pep!

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Use the new recipes in The Weekly

Don't be miserable—get after the pain, swelling, soreness of a simple sprain, bruise, charley-horse, wrenched muscle or similar conditions with *Moist Heat*. Apply an ANTIPHLOGISTINE Poultice comfortably hot and feel the *Moist Heat* go right to work. The *Moist Heat* of ANTIPHLOGISTINE relieves the pain, swelling and soreness . . limbers up the injured area . . works for several hours.

Keep ANTIPHLOGISTINE handy for these painful conditions. Get a tube or can from your druggist now.

Antiphlogistine

See how easy it is to make smart clothes from the latest fashions in patterns that appear in The American Weekly.

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Apply it like a lipstick—
Avoids fingernail mess

THE MODERN LOR-ODO WAY

Retards perspiration. Removes tell-tale odor. Leaves under arms *dry, clean, fragrant*. Special LOR-ODO for MEN, too.

50¢. (Plus Tax)

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY

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"He's got that hungry look in his eyes, but I don't know whether it's us or the Wheaties!"

"Wow! What he couldn't do to a bowl of Wheaties, Ma!"

by Betty Crocker

JUST ADD CREAM to Bisquick . . . for rich tender biscuit shortcake Quick 'n easy! And delicious shortcake every time, as Bisquick contains such fine home-type ingredients, so skilfully blended.

• • •

DOUBLE-QUICK with Bisquick! It's a blend of six ingredients: Pure vegetable shortening, baking powder, Gold Medal Enriched Flour, salt, sugar, powdered milk. Just add milk for regular biscuit dough.

• • •

TRY THIS . . . *Good*, say my staff.

Glaceed Meats
Hot Crisp Potato Chips
Connecticut Green Beans
(cooked beans combined with browned butter or margarine, with nutmeg added)
Little Hot Rolls
Salad Bowl of Honeydew Melon Balls, Watercress, Sweet French Dressing
Raspberry or Strawberry Shortcake

DUMPLINGS, meat pie crust, waffles, muffins, pancakes . . . many good things are so easy with Bisquick. Directions on package for ten basic bakings. Try them all. Bisquick is plentiful now—ask for it.

• • •

Free! New "Menu and Shopping Guide" for point rationing. Handy reference list of rationed foods with space for point values. Space for menus. Grocery check lists. To get your pad, mail postcard today to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 766, Minneapolis 15, Minn.

"Wheaties", "Breakfast of Champions", "Bisquick" and "Betty Crocker" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC. Copyright 1944, General Mills, Inc.

SWING SHIFT !

LIKE moon goes with June . . . so Wheaties go with breakfast, in June or any other month!

Heap up these sunshiny whole wheat flakes in your gayest cereal bowls. Bring on glasses of sparkling fruit juice. Here's a breakfast first course to help you get that "everything's hunky-dory" feeling.

A come-hither dish that's got vitamins, too. Important whole wheat vitamins. Whole grain nourishment in a generous helping of Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions". Champion food values. Nourishment to help keep you on the beam all morning. Had YOUR Wheaties today?

Hard-playing youngsters need lots of nourishment. Start yours out with a breakfast including Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions", with milk and fruit.

Don't Shoot Your Gas-Pump-Man!

He's a good guy! Sure . . . he'd hate to hear some careless driver smashed your car . . . you helpless driving half-blind from Windshield Smear!

But it's *your* car! And *your* worry!

So why blame your good service man for not reminding you to let him replace your dulled windshield wiper blades . . . and your tired, twisted wiper arms . . . all now several years too old!

Once you remind him he'll proudly—and quickly—fit your car . . . with keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Blades and Arms . . . Sturdy . . . Good looking . . . Exclusive patented features—Used on our fighting Tanks and Trucks and Ships and Bombers too. Original equipment on many models of high-grade cars Ready for you at nearly all good service stops. Because RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner . . . last longer!

Be safer! Make better time in storms! Avoid costly smashups! Get RAIN-MASTER VISION CONTROL . . . next time you buy gas. Costs less than a simple fender repair.

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for safer driving . . . install new Anco

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WINDSHIELD WIPER

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THE ANDERSON COMPANY
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Creators since 1918 of accepted windshield wiper products

Fix Up the Porch

Paint and Slipcovers Will Dress Up Any Porch for Summer Comfort.

By JANE TEN BROEK

IF STAYING at home and living it is to be your family's recreation program this summer, now's the time to dress up the porch or yard with gay vacation atmosphere. A few yards of cotton fabric and a little sewing and painting will bring new life to old furniture and encourage the family to really like staying at home.

For an especially cool effect, paint old tables and chairs white and make bright slipcovers and cushions finished with cotton fringe and cording to give a look of luxury to even the shabbiest old pieces. The glider or porch swing can be included in this glamourizing which adds so much in comfort and good looks.

The Fabrics

WHEN buying fabrics for the porch choose those which are sun and waterproof unless your porch is well protected with awnings. Sometimes short lengths of fabrics on the bargain counter are just right for these needs; and while bargain hunting look for braids, bias bindings, fringes and tapes to match or contrast.

Slipcovers

FOR the three-cushioned glider, a good choice of fabric for the slipcover job is a black-and-white line check cotton for the back cushions and scalloped skirt-apron. A clear, bold red cotton is ideal for the seat cushions and to accent the back cushions with an inch-wide inside band.

It's a simple-as-pie job to stitch this inside band along its edges with the aid of the sewing machine edge stitcher attachment. The narrow fringe, in red and white cotton thread, that finishes the scallops on the skirt, can be made in a jiffy with the little handicraft guide attachment on the machine. If you need further help in cutting and sewing these your town's sewing center will supply first aid.

Easy Cutting

THE cover for a round table is made in two pieces, one cut to fit the table top, and a bias circular strip, about ten inches wide, for the side drop. This is edged with narrow fringe to match that on the glider and chair seats. The finishing touch on the table cover is the firm, flat-stitched inch-wide red border that follows the edge.

For added comfort on hard kitchen chairs dressed up for a summer on the porch, add padded cushions and tie them in place. Then make sleek fitting slipcover shorts. Add a narrow band of the red material in a circle to the seat, cord the edge with the same. Make a band for the sides of the seat cushions the exact depth of the cushion's thickness. Finish this with red-and-white fringe edging as on the glider and table.

In ONE magic box TINTEX brings you a dye for EVERY fabric

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With Tintex you needn't pay any more than 10¢ or 15¢ to get a dye in a SINGLE box that dyes ALL fabrics! So easy, so quick, so perfect! Imagine—a *single* box that dyes *every* fabric without exception—yet costs only 10¢ (15¢ for the large size). The *same* Gray Box bought by millions for years! Over 50 colors! At drug, dept. and 10¢ stores. *Insist on Tintex!* It's America's *best* value, *best* quality dye!

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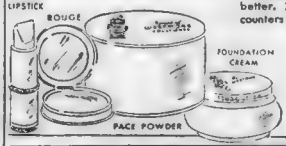
Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars

BETTY GRABLE
In the 20th Century-Fox picture
"PIN UP GIRL"

Perc Westmore, Hollywood's Famous Make-up Genius

The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make up the Hollywood stars but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream.



House of Westmore offers the perfect make-up. It gives you a lovely, attractive beauty—goes on smoothly and really stays on. You will like the fine texture and fashionable shades of Westmore Make-up. Regardless of price, you cannot buy better. 25¢ and 50¢ at toilet goods counters everywhere.

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Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
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4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water . . . leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
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Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

Now it's easy to KEEP MOSQUITOES FROM BITING

Mosquitoes just don't like Jitter Bug. That's why they steer away from the man, woman or child who rubs a few drops of Jitter Bug on ankles, legs, wrists, arms, face and forehead before going outside. It repels Chiggers, too—and Sand Fleas and Sand Flies. Costs only 35¢ at drug, grocery, hardware, department and variety stores. If you want real protection this summer, be sure you get genuine

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Your Watch with a Broken Crystal is Useless
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PROTECT YOUR WATCH—Avoid costly repairs—Go to any jeweler—ask for a G-S FLEXO CRYSTAL 100% BREAK-PROOF—Any size—Any shape. Can be fitted while you wait.

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Hoofs flashing in the sunlight!
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Romance shining with the love light
of youth making dreams come true!

HOME IN INDIANA

Based on the Saturday Evening Post Story "The Phantom Filly" by George Agnew Chamberlain

WALTER BRENNAN · *Featuring* LON McCALLISTER

JEANNE CRAIN · CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD · JUNE HAVER

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY • Produced by ANDRO DAVEN

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A quarter box makes 20 pails
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Soilax
It cleans all things with shining ease
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When Your Eyes Are Tired

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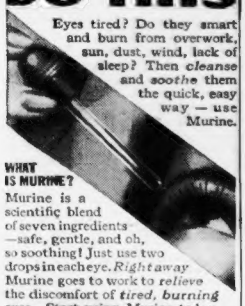


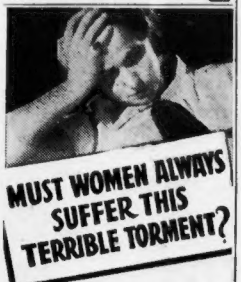
Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients —safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · REFRESHES



MUST WOMEN ALWAYS SUFFER THIS TERRIBLE TORMENT?

The agony that many dainty women endure in silence would try the strength of the strongest man. Yet much of this suffering is wholly unnecessary. For welcome relief from the itching and irritation due to simple piles is often no farther away than the nearest drug counter.

There you will find Sayman Salve, that grand medicated ointment which contains not just one, but THREE well-known medicinal ingredients—which helps to soothe, cool and protect the tender, irritated membranes, soften the hardened parts and lubricate the dry tissue. It acts as a comforting and palliative emollient. Two sizes—25c and 60c. All druggists.

SAYMAN SALVE

HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC

For That Backyard Picnic

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

PICNICS this summer? Certainly, even if you can't use the car, and have little time besides. The old American custom of eating out of doors goes right along if you've got a porch or a backyard. Or if you live near a park where the authorities won't object to a basket lunch and a little fun.

Rationing has not made the traditional picnic foods difficult to obtain because many of the best are point-free, others are low-point. And, as for the home table, leftovers of fish, chicken, and vegetables can be combined in a picnic casserole. This hot dish carried out to the porch, or on longer journeys, will keep warm if wrapped thickly in newspaper. A little hot food makes the whole meal taste better.

Cold Meats and Hot Ones Make Good Sandwiches For Hungry Guests.

Don't Forget the Mustard, Salt, Pepper, Pickles and Spreads.

Supplies of canned meats are improved. These include such favorites for al fresco dining as potted tongue, little Vienna sausages, deviled meats, pork luncheon loaf and ham as well as plenty of ready-to-serve meats such as frankfurters, sausages, liver sausage, bologna and salami.

Most meat counters today have Genoa salami, pepperoni, and others with unusual names and delicious flavor. These meats and American cheese make the most satisfactory kind of sandwich platter.

Let guests make their own sandwiches, slicing and spreading to order. Or big picnic-size sandwiches can be made before hand. Don't forget to vary the breads for these. Vary the spreads and shapes of the sandwiches as well. Butter and fortified margarine flavored with a bit of curry powder, or with finely minced parsley, watercress or mustard make delicious spreads for such sandwiches.

Good Salads

CUBED cold meats make ideal additions to the picnic salad bowl. Fill one, or a big jar, with old-fashioned potato salad, mixed half and half with cubed salami.

If the basket lunch is to be carried far, wrap sandwiches separately with waxed paper; use vacuum jars and bottles to carry hot or cold foods and beverages. If you can cook out of doors over a fireplace, long-handled broiling racks and long toasting forks add to the ease of serving and the fun.

Don't forget the condiments—mustard, pickle relishes, sandwich spreads, cheese spreads, bottled sauces for meat, and, of course, have salt and pepper at hand. Open and drain bottled pickles in the kitchen before putting them in the basket. (Save the vinegar to baste roasts.)

For chops, hamburgers and other meats to be broiled on the picnic fire, season each in the kitchen, with salt and pepper, insert thin slivers of garlic, or rub with finely ground fresh herbs. Wrap the chops separately in wax paper until cooking time.

Here are recipes worked out for suppers of this kind.

Porch Supper Salad

3 cups diced cooked potatoes
¼ cup French Dressing
1 4-ounce can Vienna sausages
2 tablespoons chopped scallions
3 tablespoons chopped pickle
2 hard-cooked eggs
½ cup Mayonnaise or other salad dressing
Lettuce

Combine the potatoes and French Dressing and chill this for one hour. Slice the sausages thin and add to the potatoes with the scallions, pickle and chopped eggs. Moisten with Mayonnaise or other salad dressing. Serve on crisp, cold lettuce. Serves six.

Picnic Casserole

6-ounce package of noodles
2 tablespoons ham fat
2 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
1½ cups milk
Pepper
1 cup diced, cooked ham
1 cup canned mushrooms

Cook noodles in boiling, salted water. Melt the fat, blend in the flour. Combine the milk and mustard and add to the flour mixture, stirring until a thick smooth sauce. (One-half cup canned mushroom liquid may be substituted for that amount of milk.) Slice mushrooms, combine with the ham. Arrange alternate layers of noodles and ham mixture in a greased casserole. Add the sauce. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) Serves five.

Barbecue Flavor

TO barbecue franks, heat them eight minutes in a sauce made of these:

2 medium size onions, chopped
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons Worcestershire Sauce
¾ teaspoon salt
¾ cup catchup
1 teaspoon chili powder
¾ cup water

Mix thoroughly, heat in a saucepan and when hot add the frankfurters.

Pic Nips

HOT BOLOGNA CUPS filled with potato salad. Cut bologna thin, heat quickly in a frying pan in a little butter or margarine; shape into a horn, fasten with a wooden pick, fill with the salad; serve sliced red-ripe tomatoes with these.

Grilled liver sausage; serve seasoned tomato and onion slices with these.

Baked beans and veal loaf; serve cabbage salad with these.

Salami horns filled with seasoned cottage cheese. Cut salami thin, shape into horns, fasten each with a wooden pick, and pile in the cheese loosely. Use chopped chives to season the cheese; or paprika and sour cream; or onion salt and finely minced watercress or parsley.

Stuffed hard-cooked eggs; spice the centers with mixed mustard or Mayonnaise, a very little curry powder, salt, pepper and a few drops of lemon juice or vinegar; mash together, press back in the whites.

Biscuit surprise; make baking powder biscuits and roll thin; cut in small rounds and spread half of the rounds with melted butter or fortified margarine. Lay a small circle of liver sausage on each buttered circle. Cover with another circle of dough. Bake as usual in a hot oven.

(No room for our picnic menus. If you want them, send a stamped, addressed envelope to The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York City.)

BACK RECIPES FOR NEW ALMANACKERS

"Keep Cool" Dinner Recipes	22 Almanac Preserves Recipes
"Keep Cool" Iced Drinks & Desserts	18 Almanac Casserole Recipes
Recipes for Successful Picnics	20 Popular Salad Recipes
15 Favorite Bread & Roll Recipes	19 Almanac Cookie Recipes
	21 New England Recipes

They will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp for each. Write name and address plainly.

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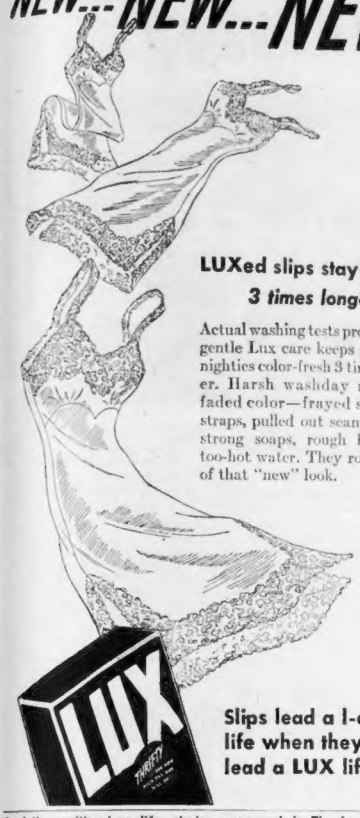


LUXed slips stay lovely 3 times longer

Actual washing tests proved that gentle Lux care keeps slips and nighties color-fresh 3 times longer. Harsh washday methods faded color—frayed shoulder straps, pulled out seams. Avoid strong soaps, rough handling, too-hot water. They rob undies of that "new" look.

Slips lead a l-o-n-g life when they lead a LUX life

Read the exciting true life stories every week in The American Weekly.

NO, WE'RE NOT DOWN TO THIS...

BUT, ALL OUR GREAT TUNA CLIPPERS ARE IN THE NAVY! SO WE'VE HAD TO GO BACK TO "OLD-TIME" SMALL-BOAT FISHING!

Our tuna clippers used to cruise thousands of miles in search of tuna; our smaller boats can only do "off shore" fishing. That's why the supply of our tuna is cut down. But, there's no cutting down on *quality*. Whenever you can get these famous brands, you can be sure the tuna is uniformly delicate and delicious... for only the tender *light* meat is packed. Nutritive, too... containing Vitamins "A" and "D" and Iodine, that effective preventive of nutritional goiter.

Buy EITHER brand... the quality is the same

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC.
Terminal Island, California

FAMOUS VAN CAMP SEA FOODS
WHITE STAR TUNA
Chicken of the Sea TUNA

Golden Vitamins

IF YOU'RE a lucky Victory gardener, you can pull vitamins out of your garden these days. Early carrots are ready and they, especially the deep-yellow mature ones, are high in Vitamin A. Some of the other vitamins and certain minerals are also in these same golden vegetables.

Plenty on Hand

OR IF you do your gardening at market, this is the time to buy carrots. And beets besides, says the War Food Administration. The warm States are shipping unusual supplies of these two root vegetables to all parts of the country. Texas is sending beets, some with tops left on, and sold in bunches of three to five beets each. Other bunches are topless to save space in transportation and in the housekeeper's basket. They are just as fresh and tender as those with tops.

California, Arizona and Texas are proud of their exceptional supply of carrots this spring, the result of an overlapping of two large crops. The winter-grown carrots were late because of the weather. The spring-grown crop added to these makes thousands of tons now ready for our dinner tables.

How to Buy

IN BUYING beets and carrots be guided by the condition of the vegetables themselves rather than by whether their leaves are attached. The best buys are fresh looking, firm but tender, smooth and clean. Poor buys are flabby, wilted, discolored. Beets with stringy roots or many leaf scars around the neck are poor quality.

Glazed Carrots

1 quart small carrots
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons butter or fortified margarine
Salt and pepper

Wash the carrots; peel any which seem large and heavy; or scrape them lightly. Leave very small ones with peel on. Cover with boiling, salted water and cook till tender in a covered saucepan. Drain. (Save any cooking juice for soups and sauces.)

Melt the fat in a pan, stir in the sugar, add the carrots and lemon juice. Cook slowly, covered, stirring occasionally till glazed. About 15 minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Serves six.

California Beets

2½ cups sliced raw beets
1 cup orange juice
1 tablespoon butter or fortified margarine
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon grated orange peel

Peel raw beets thinly, and slice them into a greased casserole. Cover with the remaining ingredients. Cover the dish. Cook in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about one hour. Serves six.

To boil beets and keep their good color do not peel them. Vinegar or lemon juice in the water helps the color remain true.

NAZI-JAP ERASER

For free labels in patriotic colors to paste on fat-saving containers send a stamped, addressed envelope to the Household Almanac, P. O. Box 191 Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y.

Summer Patterns

PATTERN 3589—Sun-dress bolero costume. Sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 40. Size 16, sun-dress requires 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric; bolero, 1⅛ yards contrast.

PATTERN 3693 — Toddlers' dress, sunsuit and slip. Sizes 6 mos. and 1 to 5 years. For individual yardages see pattern.

PATTERN 3011—Cool crochet hat and bag.

EACH PATTERN together with a needlework pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens and garments, TWENTY CENTS.

Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to the AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 635 Sixth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

Due to customs restrictions Canadian orders cannot be filled.

"Don't waste it— it's precious!"

MEATS NEED PROTECTION ... and they need *good* protection, not only to provide full servings, but also to reduce America's 20% food waste.

So remember, covering your uncooked meats *loosely* with Cut-Rite Waxed Paper helps to assure sanitation; permits the circulation of air desirable to retard bacteria growth. Wrapping your cooked meats *tightly* in Cut-Rite helps to prevent dryness, protects flavor for more appetizing future meals.

Use Cut-Rite to protect your meats. You'll find its superior qualities mean superior protection. In the blue and white carton, at your Grocer's.

Automatic Paper Machinery Co., Inc.
Hoboken, New Jersey

CUT-RITE
WAXED PAPER

RUN DOWN?

If You "Tire Easily", have low resistance to colds and minor ills—due to lack of the Vital Elements—*natural* A & D Vitamins—try taking *good-tasting* Scott's Emulsion daily the year around! National survey shows *many doctors* recommend Scott's to help build up resistance, bring back energy and stamina! Buy Scott's Emulsion today—at all druggists!

IT'S GOOD-TASTING

Try SCOTT'S EMULSION
Great Year-Round Tonic

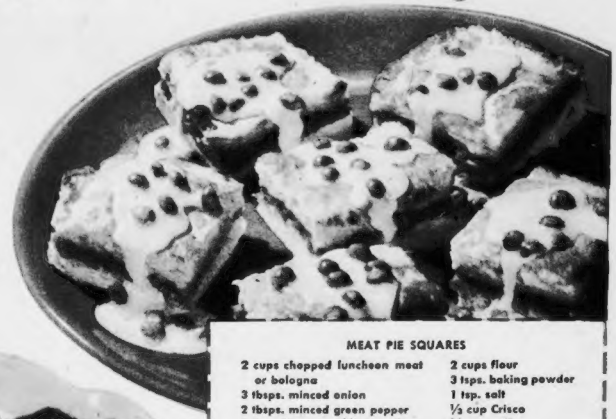
HOT NEWS about Cold Cuts!

COOK WITH CRISCO! It does more to make wartime meals EXCITING and DIGESTIBLE!

Want to turn popular cold cuts into dishes that will be *exciting* to eat? Digestible? Get busy with *Crisco!*

It's True! Crisco does *more* than ordinary shortenings do. For Crisco is different. It has a special cooking secret! It gives you *lighter*, more tender cakes. A sure way to get flaky, tender pie crust *every time!* And with Crisco, there's no need to worry about digestions. Even Crisco *fried foods* are so *digestible* children may eat 'em!

Begin Today! Make those Meat Pie Squares with *light, tender* Crisco biscuit! Fry those Bologna Horns in Crisco and you'll *know* they're digestible! Any time a recipe calls for shortening—reach for *pure, all-vegetable Crisco* and be *sure!*



MEAT PIE SQUARES

2 cups chopped luncheon meat or bologna	2 cups flour
3 tbsps. minced onion	3 tsps. baking powder
2 tbsps. minced green pepper	1 tsp. salt
1 tbsp. flour • ⅓ cup milk	⅓ cup Crisco
	⅔ cup milk

FILLING: Combine meat, onion and pepper. Add 1 tbsp. flour and moisten with ⅓ cup milk.

BISCUIT: Sift dry ingredients. Cut in Crisco. (Crisco gives you biscuit that is light, flaky, digestible!) Stir in milk. Divide dough in half. Roll out each half to fit a pan about 6" x 10". Fit sheet of dough in pan. Spread with meat mixture. Cover with remaining dough. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) about 20-30 min. or until biscuit is brown. Cut in squares and serve with green pea sauce (peas in a Crisco white sauce). All Measurements Level. *Serves 4-6.*

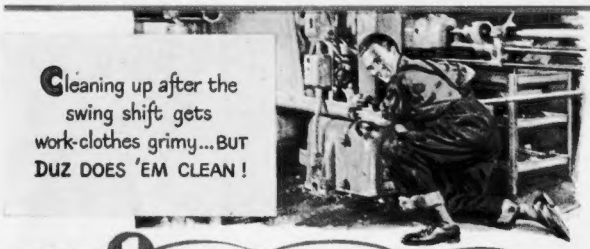
FRIED STUFFED BOLOGNA HORNS

1 small onion, cut fine	3 tbsps. catsup
2-3 tbsps. melted Crisco	Salt and pepper
6 slices bread	8 thin slices bologna (large)
1 egg	

Fry onion in Crisco; add bread, broken fine, and fry lightly. (Do all your frying with digestible Crisco. There's no heavy smoke or smell—no "off-taste"! And Crisco-fried foods are so digestible children may eat them.) Combine with egg, catsup and seasonings. Place spoonful of bread dressing on each slice of bologna. Roll up in cornucopia shape; fasten with toothpicks. Fry lightly in a little hot Crisco. Add enough water to cover bottom of pan; cover tightly and simmer about 5 min. All Measurements Level. *Serves 4-6.*

Crisco

9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS SAY: "It's Digestible!"



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3 STILL, DUZ IS SAFER FOR COLORS. SO EASY ON PRETTY RAYON UNDIES -HELPS CLOTHES LAST LONGER!

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GAUZTEX—Sticks to Itself . . . NEVER TO YOU

The new discoveries in science are told every week in this magazine.

You—In the Title Role

By URSULA TROW

HERE comes the bride. This is your day of greatest beauty. You are radiant with love and happiness—and careful grooming.

It's not a matter of a half-hour's effort before the ceremony to grow fingernails long and lustrous. By the same token, your skin can't be expected to do justice to the great occasion if you've been neglecting it.

At least two months before your wedding day, go in for nightly facials. Many girls start this with soap and water cleansing. Others prefer to cleanse the skin thoroughly with creams.

Use soft tissues to remove the cream; then soak a cotton pad with skin freshener and go over your face again.

Good Massage

A NOURISHING conditioner cream will do much toward smoothing and strengthening the tissues. Always use upward and outward strokes when massaging cream into your face and neck, and repeat each movement at least three times.

A few minutes of relaxation should be part of the facial. Before lying down, soak two small cotton pads in witch-hazel, eye lotion or skin freshener. Squeeze them almost dry and place them on your eyes. Let them soothe eyelids and eyes while you rest.

Marie Earle Photograph.

When you get up, apply the skin freshener again to make sure all traces of cream are gone from your face and neck.

Remember your hands, for whether you favor a single or double-ring ceremony, your hands will be highlighted. You'll have to show off the new ring, and your hand with it. So massage both hands nightly, and don't forget your arms and elbows.

Make Up Correctly

YOUR make-up should blend with your costume. If you can't have your powder professionally blended at your favorite shop by a powder expert, you can make the correct choice yourself by means of a shade selector. The selector is available at most cosmetic counters.

A powder base or foundation is important to final good looks. Some, you'll find, tone the color of your skin, aiding the powder in the final effect, while others provide a lasting base but let the true tone of the powder do the whole job.

Color Harmony

ROUGE should be delicately blended on the cheeks, being careful to avoid doll-like blotches.

A touch of eyeshadow accents the eyes. Mascara or eyelash pomade properly used gives them a clear, clean-cut look.

The lipstick should be in harmony with your coloring as well as with the dress you are wearing and the nailpolish you're using. Apply lipstick evenly, forming your mouth gracefully as you go. Wipe off any excess with a tissue.

The day approaches. You've been to the hairdresser, and you've tubbed and scrubbed yourself, using a delicately scented, new lilac or apple-blossom soap.

The perfume you've selected is a very special one for brides that matches that old verse about "something old, something new. . ."

Before you know it, there you stand before the altar, a breath-taking, lovely you!

CITRODOR CANDLES

Burned in pairs 15 ft. apart, these famous essence of citronella candles chase away pesky mosquitoes. (Health officials warn against mosquito malaria-carriers.) CitrOdors, used by the million, are guaranteed to burn 15 hrs. in glass cup. Gift-boxed with attractive black cup-holders. Stock up now.

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FACE THE WORLD, Plain Girl—*and Smile!* The spotlight doesn't shine only on the prettiest girls. You can win your share of compliments and admiration. You can take a leading part in romance *if your smile is right.*

So smile, Plain Girl, Smile! Not just a shy, uncertain smile—but a smile that flashes with magic charm—gay, bright, enchanting! But remember for that kind of smile you need sound, sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become sensitive—denied exercise by today's soft foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, aids the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

Today, start with Ipana and massage to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more sparkling.

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